

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The Kellogg-Briand multilateral treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy was received in the United States with varying emotions. In some quarters there was a disposition to make political capital out of it, and on the other hand, some suspicion was thus engendered. There was, however, general approval of the attitude of Secretary Kellogg in refusing to treat of any other matters in his stay at Paris, or to countenance speeches even; his refusal to enter England was said to be on direct orders from the President, and to be connected with the secret Anglo-French agreement on armaments. It was also noticed that on his voyage to Europe he had been associated with Premier Mackenzie King, of Canada, and that he went to Ireland in company with President Cosgrave. His visit to the latter country was a courtesy visit, in return for President Cosgrave's visit here last year. Much favorable comment was expressed at the fine treatment Mr. Kellogg received in France. As for the treaty itself, it was taken to mean not more than a general statement of principle, namely, that hereafter war or the threat of war, however implicit, should not enter as a part into diplomatic negotiations. This was taken to be the groundwork for

Anti-War
Treaty

any subsequent action with regard to disarmament, since the very reasons for arming were withdrawn by the treaty. At the same time, it was denied that the treaty involved this country any more than hitherto in European political entanglements; rather that it is a means of avoiding them. Little was known of the attitude which was to be taken by the Senate, on which the whole success of the treaty now depends.

The principal political developments on the Republican side were the return of Mr. Hoover from the West, the claims of his partisans that that part of the country is safe, and the increasing evidence that he considered the East to be the great battleground. Rumors that serious dissensions existed in his committee were not allayed by the departure for Maine of Chairman Work at a time when final arrangements were being made for the campaign. It also became more clear that Hoover intended to base a large part of his campaign on an appeal to the woman vote. On the Smith side, the principal incident was the nominee's appearance at a militia review in New Jersey, when unprecedented scenes of enthusiasm greeted him everywhere. Chairman Raskob issued his first estimate of the electoral vote, claiming that 309 votes were clearly in sight, not including those from Illinois and Iowa, which many claim for Smith. Governor Smith was also planning his campaign, to begin after Labor Day. It was said to include two extended trips into the West, as far as the Rockies, and one into the South. The New York State Federation of Labor went on record as favoring Smith, after an almost open bid from the president of the National Federation himself.

Austria.—On August 29, Professor Clemens Pirquet received the nomination for the Presidency of Austria to succeed President Michael Hainisch. The nominee is a noted physician who has specialized in children's diseases. After the War he superintended the work of the children's relief organizations in Austria. Professor E. Wettstein, a noted botanist, is the only opponent of the Dr. Pirquet. According to the Austrian law political leaders may not be candidates for the Presidency. It seemed rather doubtful that President Hainisch, whose term expires at the end of November, would yield to the demands of his friends and run for a third term.

China.—Publication of a summary of the Nationalist Government's reply to Tokio's refusal to recognize China's

right to abrogate the present Sino-Japanese commercial treaty, indicated that it was milder than was originally anticipated and that its tone of conciliation made it satisfactory to Japan. The Japanese Cabinet was in no hurry to reply and this easy-going procedure was interpreted as a policy of "watchful waiting." Apparently Tokio desired to be better assured of the stability of the Nanking Government before committing itself. Meanwhile, in Nanking, the opening session was held, on August 27, of the Chinese-American Joint Commission to assess damages claimed by American residents of Nanking for losses consequent on the incidents there in March, 1927. It was forecast that the inquiry would probably last several months. The American members of the Commission are Mr. Clarence Spiker and Mr. V. G. Lyman.

The situation in North China was not seriously changed, but anxiety continued regarding the ultimate outcome of the strained conditions existing. While there were no active hostilities, there were threats of an outbreak, and the position of Chang Chung-chang's army, which rested squarely across the Peking and Mukden Railway, and made its operation impossible, made an attack imminent, and seriously to be feared.

The harmony between natives and foreigners in Shanghai, was temporarily disturbed when the Municipal Council ordered the closing of the Intelligence Bureau of the Nationalist Government's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This action followed a raid by the foreign police on the Chinese publicity office in which some anti-Japanese literature was confiscated. As no permission had been asked or obtained for the Intelligence Bureau to be established in the settlement, it was held that the foreigners were within their rights. However, the Nationalist Government ordered the Foreign Commissioner at Shanghai to lodge a protest with the consular corps. This he did.

Czechoslovakia.—The Slovak desire for autonomy for Slovakia was fulfilled to a considerable degree by the taking effect in Slovakia on July 1, of the Czechoslovakian Administrative Reform Bill. By this bill each component part of the Republic, i.e., Bohemia, Moravia with Silesia, Slovakia, and Carpathian Ruthenia, obtains its own autonomous regional administration and its own Diet concerned with the local economic and administrative questions of the territory, while legislation in the narrower sense of the word and political questions remain reserved to the Parliament at Prague.

The elaborate plans of the Communists for exploiting "Hus Day" on July 6 of this year, in the form of a "Red Day," came to grief through the decisive action of the Government. This defeat of the local Communist plans was said to have been considered in Moscow as the severest of all recently suffered in different countries. With the waning of the anti-Catholic demonstrations on "Hus

Day" has come a corresponding increase in the cult of Saints Cyril and Methodius, which was given a new impetus by the celebration, on July 5, of the raising, on February 7, 1928, of the beautiful church at Velehrad, in Moravia, to the rank of a basilica minor.

France.—The eyes of the world were on Paris on August 27, when in the Palace on the Quai d'Orsay which houses the French Foreign Ministry, fifteen nations signed the Kellogg pact to renounce war. The ceremony was simple but impressive, and got added significance from the genuine good will that seemed to prevail among the representatives of the various Governments, especially on the part of the French and German Ministers, M. Briand and Dr. Stresemann. There were no speeches except one on the part of M. Briand, who presided at the ceremony. The policy of silence was adopted out of regard to the wishes of Mr. Kellogg.

The day following the signature of the "Pact of Paris," the document was presented to forty-eight nations not included among the signers at Paris, for their acceptance. The first responses indicated that wholehearted cooperation would be given by them to its effective carrying-out. The invitations were extended by the United States, though it was understood that France would invite Soviet Russia so as to spare the American Government the embarrassment of treating officially with a Government which it did not diplomatically recognize.

The signing of the pact was the occasion for much festivity in the capital. There were many official and unofficial functions,—banquets, receptions, etc., and the public entered into the spirit of the occasion as well as the diplomats. The only incidents to mar the celebrations were the arrest of fifty-six Communist demonstrators, and of a group of radical feminists who attempted to enter the dinner to the envoys, to present a draft treaty granting equal rights to women in all countries signatory to the pact. Following the festivities Mr. Kellogg left Paris for Ireland, and home.

On August 27, the passing was announced of Marshal Marie Emile Fayolle. His death occurred in Paris, following an illness of several months. The Marshal at the time was seventy-six years old. As the first of France's Great-War leaders, he was given a national public funeral and all classes joined in paying tribute to his high character and in deploring his loss. Again and again during the World War and in some of its most critical situations Marshal Fayolle rendered splendid service to his country's cause. Since the War he had lived unobtrusively in Paris, serving, however, on the Supreme War Council. For this he would admit no reward or compensation, to the admiration of his countrymen.

Germany.—Chancellor Muller, who assumed charge at the Reich's foreign affairs during the convalescence of

Japanese Relations

North China

Shanghai Disturbed

Slovakian Autonomy

Hus Day

Anti-War Pact Signed

Other Nations Adhere

Festivities

Marshal Fayolle Dies

Dr. Stresemann, headed the German delegation to the Assembly of the League of Nations. The Chancellor was not expected to participate in the deliberations of the League Council nor to engage in any diplomatic negotiations there, unless Dr. Stresemann's Paris visit left room for further discussion of the question of Rhineland evacuation. The Chancellor was expected to remain throughout the preliminary debate, and then delegate his authority either to Dr. von Schubert or Dr. Gauss, both members of the Foreign Office.

Accompanied by his chief physician, Dr. Stresemann went to France for further discussion of the questions of reparations and the Rhenish evacuation. The first report of the Foreign Minister to Herr von Schubert, State Secretary, indicated that agreement had been reached between Dr. Stresemann and M. Briand on the second zone evacuation together with an understanding that the Reich would exert efforts to settle the problem of war debts. The Wilhelmstrasse was confident that complete withdrawal from German territory would be an earnest of the willingness for peace indicated in the signing of the "Pact of Paris," to say nothing of the treaties of Locarno and Thoiry. The reported arrangements for the evacuation of the Coblenz area are in line with the solution offered by Dr. Stresemann a few months ago. The recent Franco-British agreement gave rise to many gloomy conjectures, which were somewhat dissipated by the reported accord of the Paris parley.

Great Britain.—All of the railway trade unions accepted the provisional agreement, recorded in this column in the issue of August 1, for a reduction of two and one-half per cent in the wages of all railway employees. The agreement may be terminated at the end of twelve months. It was accepted only as a temporary economic necessity. The railway companies have suffered severely through the competition of motor buses. Following the wage reduction, the railways reduced fares on suburban and local trains to the rates charged by the buses. Where competition existed in longer journeys, the railways also cut their charges to conform to the bus fares.

India.—The committee appointed by the All-Parties Conference to draw up recommendations for a Constitution of India issued a comprehensive report in which it embodies a Constitution modeled on those of the most advanced British Dominions. The report, which was accepted virtually unanimously by the various party leaders, must now be presented to a general conference to be held at Lucknow. The report declares that nothing short of Dominion status would satisfy India. It requires the abolition, as the first step, of the Secretary and Council of India. The legislative powers are to be vested in a Parliament consisting of the King, a Senate of 200 members, and a House of Representatives numbering 500. The Senate is to be elected by the Provisional Councils,

the House by popular and universal suffrage. The King would be represented by a Governor-General, to be appointed in the same manner as in other self-governing Dominions. Parliament is to have a similar authority over defence and foreign affairs as that exercised by other Dominions.

Ireland.—Because it was without precedent, the visit of Secretary Kellogg to Ireland caused extraordinary comment and much speculation. After signing the Peace Pact in Paris, Secretary Kellogg, with President Cosgrave as his guest, boarded the United States cruiser Detroit at Havre on August 29, and arrived at Dun Laoghaire the following day. During his four days stay in Ireland, Secretary Kellogg was the guest of President Cosgrave and the nation. Contrary to his procedure in Paris, he made two public addresses. He was entertained at dinners and other functions. His visit was regarded merely as social, with no political implications, a courtesy return of Mr. Cosgrave's visit to the United States. The voyage of President Cosgrave on the Detroit was notable inasmuch as it was the first time that the head of a nation of the British Commonwealth has been transported through British waters on an American naval vessel. The salute given to Secretary Kellogg at Dun Laoghaire was the first ever fired by Ireland in honor of a foreign plenipotentiary; heretofore this right has been exercised by the British navy.

Following the petitions and protests made during several years, the Free State Government drew up a measure for the strict censorship of immoral books, papers and pictures. The text of the "Censorship of Publications Bill, 1928" was recently made public. It provides for the establishment by the Minister for Justice of a board of five members, to hold office for a term of three years. Complaints against books, periodicals, etc. are to be referred to this board; should four of the five members agree that the books, etc. are objectionable, the Minister of Justice may proceed against the producer or distributor of the books, etc. The penalty may be fine or imprisonment or both. Warrants may be issued for the search and seizure of such material by the police. The bill is to be presented to the Dail upon its reassembly.

Italy.—Unofficial announcement was made that the Yugoslav Government had satisfactorily responded to the Italian notes protesting against recent anti-Italian demonstrations at Spalato and Sebenico, and that the incidents were then closed. It will be recalled that in mid-August the Italian Consul was slightly injured, and at both Spalato and Sebenico the property of Italian nationals was damaged. The Belgrade Government, it was said, regretted the incidents, promised to punish those responsible for it, and to make monetary compensation to reimburse those who suffered.

Jugoslavia.—At the session of the Cabinet on August 24, it was definitely decided to prosecute M. Vlado

Matchek
Indicted

Matchek, successor of Stefan Raditch as leader of the Croatian Peasant party, on the double charge of having led agitation against the safety of the State and of having slandered Jugoslavia in foreign countries through newspaper interviews and the telegram he sent to the Inter-parliamentary Congress in Berlin, in which he asserted that the delegates in the existing Yugoslav Parliament had no right to speak for Croatia. Deputy Krnjevitch, leader of the Croatian delegation to Berlin, would also be prosecuted. At a plenary convention on August 23, the Croatian Peasant party had assumed full responsibility for the action of M. Matchek.

Political Events

Mexico.—The opening of the new Congress on September 1, was the chief event toward which all previous maneuverings had tended. At this session, which took place after this issue went to press, President Calles was expected to issue a call to the country, to resign any pretension of succeeding himself, and to order an immediate study of the question of succession in its legal and political aspects. The daily campaign of the *Osservatore Romano* against him continued, and if this was successful it was said that the only logical candidate under the circumstances was Morones, who was known to be favored by some of the American oil interests. Morones emerged long enough from his hiding place to make a statement designed to reaffirm his previous influence. Bishop de la Mora, acting secretary of the Hierarchy in Mexico itself, met American newspapermen in a secret interview and, while agreeing that peace in Mexico is not impossible, asserted that it will be only on the basis of amendments to the laws making Catholic life once more possible in the country. The situation was still obscure and nobody seemed to know what would come of it.

Nicaragua.—Some skirmishes between the United States marines and the Sandinistas were reported but without casualties. Small groups of rebels continued to surrender their arms, to enjoy the promised amnesty. Meanwhile partisans of Sandino were spreading anti-election propaganda among the Indians to keep them from the polls at the coming election, November 4, and from cooperating in the establishment of orderly government. Plans for the voting were announced as completed, with the outlook for a keenly-contested but orderly election.

Submarine Raised

Russia.—The British submarine L-55, sunk in Russian waters near Kronstadt, on the Baltic, on June 4, 1919, by a Soviet torpedo boat, was raised recently by the Soviet authorities and docked at Kronstadt. The skeletons of forty bodies of the crew, imprisoned for nine years, were found. Investigation was to be made as to whether the vessel had been destroyed by a mine, or whether it had been aiding the White Russians against the Bolsheviki after the War. British property was to be respected, and the bodies given military honors.

South America.—The opinion of the South American press on the speech of acceptance by Governor Smith showed nothing but praise for the Latin-American views therein expressed. A digest of such opinion was recently made by journalists.—Reports reaching Buenos Ayres from Paraguay were to the effect that the Boundary Conference is rapidly nearing a settlement of the tangle which has held that country and Bolivia for some years past. The Chilean Ambassador vigorously denied all rumors of secret agreements having been entered into by his nation in respect to the settlement.

Argentina

A treaty was concluded with Nicaragua which determines the sovereignty of the Mosquitia coast of that country and likewise that of the San Andreas and Providencia Archipelago. The former goes to Nicaragua and the latter to Colombia under the terms of the agreement. Thus a dispute of twenty-five years duration was amicably terminated. President Abadia in his recent address to Congress reviewed the numerous successful peace moves made in recent months. He gave unstinted praise to the Government of the United States for the great part which it had in the restoring of harmony to the Republics of South America.

Colombia

League of Nations.—The Fifty-first session of the Council of the League opened on August 29, and the Ninth Assembly on September 3. The Council met in enlarged quarters, the glass "goldfish" room being remodeled. Plans for the new building, however, were held back through inability to acquire the desired property. With M. Procope, of Finland, presiding, the Council had thirty-eight subjects listed on its agenda, chief among which were the old questions of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute and of the Hungarian optants. The discussion of the Monroe Doctrine, requested by Costa Rica, would be taken up only privately. Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, of Canada, accompanied by Senator Dandurand and Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs O. D. Skelton, arrived in Geneva to attend the sessions.

The Eucharistic Congress held in Australia gives especial timeliness to the article to appear next week entitled "Features of Australian Catholicism," by Michael D. Forrest.

When AMERICA learned that the well-known writer Thomas O'Hagan was to visit South America this summer, it asked him to write some of his impressions for its readers. His first contribution will appear next week, "Under the Southern Cross."

An enlightening and practical article will be "Keeping the Boy Out of Jail," by Patrick J. Shelly, Chief Probation Officer in the New York Magistrates' courts.

Another feature will be another article by Dr. James J. Walsh: "A Great Papal Physician and His Work," the famous Guy de Chauliac.

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The Federated Catholic Alumnae

THE proceedings of the Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, held at Niagara Falls last month, indicate the steady growth of this important association. It has avoided most of the pitfalls and survived the shocks common to the early years of similar groups. It has evidenced both its devotion to a needed work and its ability to perform that work in a satisfactory manner.

From its inception the Federation, wisely contenting itself with a minimum of theory, has expended much energy in practical work for the advancement of Catholic education through local chapters. Like Betsy Ross who, as the men argued what the flag should be, sat down with needle and thread and began to make it, the Federation has lost little time in pointless debate. More than once has the press reported a campaign by a local chapter for the wants of a local school. An academy needs a larger library, and the Alumnae conduct a house-to-house visitation until books sufficient in number and kind are collected. "Crank" legislation which affects not only the Catholic schools but all worthy educational enterprises is introduced, and the Alumnae promptly gather to take means to defeat it. Catholic girls in non-Catholic schools are entertained at teas, during which the claims of the Catholic college are presented. Reading circles, study clubs, lecture courses, are founded, to continue the work of high school and college, and to acquaint our Catholic women with the social and religious problems of the day. Scholarships are founded, and schools assisted to meet financial and other difficulties. Its work in connection with the moving picture industry has been one of incalculable value. These activities assure our Catholic schools that in the Alumnae they have devoted and intelligent friends.

Reviewing the history of the past fifty years, the student will observe the formation during this period of dozens of Catholic societies to promote one or other

Catholic interest. Today they are known only to the anti-quarian. Either the function which they ambitioned to fulfil was not needed, or, as was more often the case, the choice of unwise means to a laudable end led to internal dissension and death.

The Federation understands that theory, when it does not prompt to action, is a barren thing. Not hesitating to speak words of wisdom when words were in good season, its motto has been that which a great American woman, Mother Cornelia Connolly, Foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Child, bequeathed to her spiritual daughters, "Deeds not words." Along these lines, the International Federation will increase in influence and usefulness with the coming years, and in the great unceasing battle for the Catholic school will be found a most useful arm of the service.

"Bolting" the Old Parties

THE call issued by thirty-six American college professors "to bolt the Democratic and Republican parties and support Norman Thomas, the Socialist presidential nominee," has not created much of a stir in the political world. So far as is known, neither Dr. Hubert Work nor Mr. John J. Raskob has emitted a cry of alarm.

Yet, it seems to us, this "bolt" is significant. Mr. Thomas would be the first to admit that he is in no danger of election, and it is highly improbable that Socialism of the Marxian type is about to overwhelm the country. The real peril, in fact, is the concentration of wealth, and, in particular, of ownership of the natural sources of power, in the hands of a few.

The significance of the appeal lies in the fact that it voices the dissatisfaction of many with both the old parties. One need not be a sympathizer with Mr. Norman Thomas to be well aware that the general welfare of the people has not been the dominating purpose of the Republican and Democratic politicians for many a year. Their chief purpose is their own particular welfare. Platforms are supposed to be the solemn expression of party policies. Yet no one takes them seriously. As a rule they are verbose documents, Delphian oracles, full of sound, and sometimes of fury, but rarely signifying much.

Nor do solemn protestations by party leaders win public confidences. When a candidate seeking nomination by his party can publicly announce that his chief rival is a dolt or a man of dubious probity, and thereafter rally to the support of his successful rival, we may have an example of magnanimity. But it is at least equally probable that we are listening to a politician to whom principle means nothing, and expediency everything. Men of this type bring the parties into disrepute.

The surprisingly large vote polled by the late Senator La Follette in 1924 did not indicate approval of La Follette's policies as clearly as it proved dissatisfaction with the two old parties. La Follette seemed to offer intelligible programs for social welfare. What the parties had

to offer, no one could say. Perhaps some day the professional politicians will learn that an honest straightforward program couched in words that can be understood by the people is the best appeal to popular favor that any party can make.

No More Intervention in Mexico

IN his notification speech, Governor Smith, speaking of his promises in regard to Latin America said: "I personally declare what the platform declares, 'Intervention in the purely internal affairs of Latin America must cease,' and I specifically pledge myself to follow this declaration with regard to Mexico as well as the other Latin-American countries."

This is a welcome declaration. If Governor Smith is elected, and if he carries out his promise, it will mark a new era in our relations with Mexico. For in all the loose talk about intervention, the one important fact seems to have been almost entirely overlooked, namely, that in 1923-1924, the Government of the United States did effectively intervene in the internal affairs of Mexico, and has by the moral continuance of that act, and in other ways, been intervening ever since.

It is true that this overshadowing fact was pointed out in the *Atlantic Monthly* as long ago as July, 1927, in an article entitled "Our Mexican Mistake," by . . . who is, according to that monthly, "a recognized authority on various aspects of our Latin-American relations." "It is hardly possible," this writer said, "to express too emphatically the regret that a student of our foreign policy must feel on reviewing the deplorable intervention of Mexico's internal affairs at the beginning of 1924." This act of intervention was the selling to Mexico, on certain terms, of a large quantity of arms belonging to our army, for the purpose of keeping in power President Obregon, then threatened by a revolt due to an election dispute between Plutarco Elias Calles and Adolfo de la Huerta, to whom the Presidency had been privately promised. It was this act of our Government which undoubtedly made it possible for Calles to succeed to the Presidency. Its legal aspects are thus described by the writer, who supplies full proof for his assertion:

What else did the transaction signify than the transformation of the relations between Mexico and the United States, from those between two sovereign States, to those which obtain between a limited sovereignty and a State which furnishes the final sanctions—as for example, Cuba and the United States?

Whatever Americans thought of this act, its significance was not lost in Europe and even in Mexico, where foreign diplomats tacitly recognize that at least a part of Mexico's sovereignty resides ever since in the American Ambassador. It has become a truism that no Government in Mexico has a chance of remaining in power which does not enjoy the active support of our Government. All recent news from Mexico is explainable by that.

The moral implications were also recognized by the writer in the *Atlantic*. He said: "By its decisive intervention in the internal political affairs of Mexico at the

end of 1923, our Government consciously or otherwise assumed moral sponsorship for the validity of the acts of the Administration it sought to reinforce."

Is it too much to hope that Governor Smith and his advisers had this truth in mind when the words of his speech were written? The Editors of this Review have no means of knowing. But "No more intervention in Mexico" is a good description of his promise as it stands.

The Promise of International Peace

FROM the meeting which took place at Paris on August 28, we hope all that is good. Surely when the German Foreign Minister, Herr Stresemann, can visit the French capital and be greeted by a friendly and applauding crowd, we are justified in noting a decided change from the popular feeling which prevailed just ten years ago.

To what extent, however, has a similar change—granting that the advent of Herr Stresemann can be taken as such—come over the other great nations?

One would feel quite safe in venturing to say that the common people of every nation are tired of war. The significance of this feeling can, however, be overestimated. Before Napoleon had ended the tenth year of his dictatorship the French people were "tired of war," but they followed the Emperor across the Niemen to Moscow—and most of those who left bloody footprints on the famous retreat back to France probably rallied once more to the colors on the eve of Waterloo. It seems to be the lesson of history that the fatigue which war induces magically passes away in the presence of a great leader or of a striking national issue. The weapons of war are rarely laid away long enough to allow them to be beaten into ploughshares.

It need hardly be said that every civilized man welcomes any project which promises to outlaw war and establish peace on a firm basis. He must premise, however, that the instrument by which these desirable ends are to be effected must not compromise either the integrity of his own country, or any principle of truth or justice. This is merely another way of saying that the average man of intelligence has no confidence in the schemes of those pacifists of the extreme wing who have, unfortunately, been both tireless and plausible in advocating their schemes. A definite degree of national pride and self-respect is necessary for good government. That false altruism which would make it incumbent upon a nation to regard the affairs of every other nation as of equal importance with its own, does not make for good government, and does not tend to establish international peace. In this as in all the business of life, public and private, the adage of St. Thomas, *caritas bene ordinata a se ipsa incipit*, "charity begins by putting its own house in order" is of strict application.

Again, we cannot approve plans for the promotion of international peace which assume as a first principle that war is necessarily criminal. This is an extreme position

which cannot be maintained, even in face of the probability that few wars have been justifiable. War is not only not an evil in itself, but, given the due circumstances, can become a duty.

We do not, of course, wish to imply that the Treaty offered on August 28 is infected with either of these false principles. On the contrary, it seems to us that the representatives of the fifteen sovereign Powers who signed the Pact in the crimson and gold Salle de l'Horloge have initiated a project which, properly guided and consistently maintained, will do much to outlaw war. Necessarily, it suffers from the vagueness common to documents which initiate a new stage of international relations. It promises "frank renunciation of war as a national policy," declares that the signatories shall be deprived of the as yet unnamed "benefits" of the Pact should they seek to promote "national interests by resort to war," and expresses the hope that all civilized nations will unite "in a common renunciation of war as an instrument of their national policy." A further step was taken on August 29, when the United States presented a Note to forty-eight nations inviting their adherence to the "general pact for the renunciation of war."

What sanction can be given this agreement now remains to be seen. While hoping for the best, we regret that no mention was made of the stable basis of peace proposed by Benedict XV in his Note of August 1, 1917, to the heads of the belligerent nations. We admit that this great boon to mankind, universal peace, can be achieved only by slow stages. Diplomacy has its uses, but religion is an absolute essential, and the surest sanction of peace is the diffusion throughout the world of the principles of the Prince of Peace. For these bring with them the recognition of His supremacy over men and nations, and of His saving doctrine that all men, whatever be their racial distinctions, are members of the same family, since all are brothers of Jesus Christ and children of our Father in Heaven.

Ownership versus the Job

WE are not particularly impressed with the claim that there is little unemployment in this country, or with the similar statement that this is a country of unequaled economic opportunity. Making all due allowance for the political speeches which mark the campaign, it seems to us that Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith agree on this at least, that the condition of the worker in this country could be improved.

We are not disposed to criticize captiously Mr. Hoover's statement that if we could give every man a well-paid job, poverty would soon disappear. Mr. Hoover is too able a man to view the wage system as the *ne plus ultra* of the worker. What he meant, of course, was that a living wage, steadily maintained, would soon eliminate the extremes of poverty which are noticeable in, for instance, the mining districts. But precisely how this proper wage level can be maintained is the real problem.

Leo XIII went straight to the heart of this as of other economic questions when he wrote, "the law should,

therefore, favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners." Thus "property will certainly become more equitably divided," and "the party which holds power because it holds wealth" will be deprived of the inequitable influence in social and public life which it now wields.

We urge the living and the saving wage, first because to deny it is a crime which calls out to Heaven for vengeance, and next, because it is a means to a proper distribution of the sources of wealth. It is not an end in itself, not a final good with which the worker must rest satisfied. Nor do we believe that Mr. Hoover, an administrator and economist of proved worth, meant his words to be taken in that sense.

How to Enter a Secular College

ON another page of this Review, W. Esdaile Byles gives expression to some opinions on Catholic education with which we are in general accord. It is quite common to hear it alleged that this young man or woman is in a non-Catholic institution simply because no room could be found in a Catholic college. Mr. Byles does not admit, merely, that, in some cases, this may be true. Indeed he asserts an experience of his own as evidence. At the same time he ventures to question the universal validity of the excuse. How many of these young people actually applied to the officials of a Catholic college?

The extraordinary growth of Catholic educational institutions in some parts of the country has given rise to a persuasion that between matriculation in a Catholic college of arts and induction into the Sacred College of Cardinals, there is not much difference. One is as difficult as the other. Of some colleges, this may be true. But it is emphatically not true of all, and the prospective freshman should not take for granted that for him and his ambitions the Catholic college has no room.

It is proper, moreover, to point out that the mere fact of lack of room at a Catholic college does not justify matriculation at a non-Catholic institution. On this point the law of the Church is plain. Stringent regulations govern the attendance of clerics at these institutions, and it must be remembered that these ecclesiastics have completed their philosophical and theological studies, and are men devoted to a sacred profession. Surely, it might be argued, attendance at a secular school may be freely allowed students so well armed both spiritually and intellectually. The Church, however, rejecting this too lenient view, exacts the fulfillment of strict conditions before she will permit a cleric to enroll at a secular college.

If the danger exists in the case of men of tried character, it exists in a tenfold degree when there is question of unformed boys and girls. Young Saint Pauls might come forth unscathed, but for all who are not his peers the Catholic spirit admits much apprehension.

The conclusion that it is wholly necessary to enter a young man or woman at a secular college, should not be too quickly entertained. When reached, it should not be adopted before the opinion of those whom the Holy Ghost has appointed to rule us has been asked and received.

The Unbreakable Grip of a "Dead Hand"

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

THE annual general meeting of the Superior Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will take place at St. Louis Mo., September 15-18, in conjunction with the fourteenth meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. There will be many historical memories recalled by the fact that the deliberations of the delegates will be held in the Old Cathedral parish, where, on November 20, 1845, the first Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the United States was organized. "It will be a great honor to the city of St. Louis that it is the cradle of our charitable work in North America," wrote President General Jules Gossin from Paris, on February 2, 1846, when he sent the letter announcing that the new Conference had been aggregated by the Council General. And so, with this benison the great work of Christian charity thus inaugurated has gone on throughout the country during all the years since.

St. Louis maintained its status as a separate division of the Society and was formally recognized as a Superior Council by the Council General in August, 1863. When the officers of this first Conference were elected Dr. M. L. Linton was made its president and Bryan Mullanphy first vice-president and thereby hangs this tale.

Bryan Mullanphy's father, John Mullanphy, was one of the founders of St. Louis. He was our first great Catholic Captain of Industry but there is no space herewith to go into the details of his extraordinary career. In brief he was born in the County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1758, and was a soldier of the Irish Brigade in France when he was twenty. The Revolution there sent him back to his native land, whence he emigrated to Philadelphia with his young wife and child in 1792. Here, and at Baltimore, his natural gifts of a high order and his business capacity laid the foundation of a fortune remarkable in extent for that day. He left the East after a few years of endeavor and settled in St. Louis in 1804.

Amongst the distinguished men engaged in laying the foundation of the city and building up the same no one was more prominent than John Mullanphy. . . . A man of great enterprise, foresight and judgment, he contributed more than any other individual to the building of St. Louis.

So runs the official record of the city's growth. Better still his whole life was one long deed of charity and unselfish devotion to the progress of the Catholic Faith and Catholic education. He brought the Sisters of Charity to St. Louis from Emmitsburg and established them in the first Catholic hospital in the United States. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the Religious of Sacred Heart and other Communities were indebted to his lavish bounty. He had fifteen children, of whom a son and seven daughters reached maturity. Unlike so many others of the pioneer families, the children of this good man

kept the Faith and have followed, even to the fifth generation, in his footsteps, carrying on with generous purpose and unflinching zeal, the work he so splendidly began.

Bryan Mullanphy, his surviving son, was born in Baltimore and at the age of nine was sent to France where he spent four years at a Jesuit college. Thence he went to the same tutors at Stonyhurst, England, returning to St. Louis, in 1827, where he was graduated, the first alumnus of the subsequent, but not yet chartered St. Louis College and University, in 1830. He took a law course, was admitted to practice, and later served four years as a judge of the County Court. He also was elected Mayor of St. Louis. Like his father he was most exact and zealous in the observances of the rules of his Faith and unostentatious and lavish in his charities. The methods he took to conceal his gifts often made him seem eccentric.

During the 'forties the great waves of European immigration had begun to cast many poor, weary and helpless wrecks throughout the country, disappointed seekers for new homes and fortune in this land of promise. St. Louis, as a center on the national highway, had many of them. So the story goes that, on August 31, 1849, Bryan Mullanphy, while drinking at a bar to the health of some Germans just back from the Mexican War, suddenly made up his mind to provide for needy wayfarers. He took an ordinary sheet of letter paper and on it wrote out a "last will and testament" the twelve lines of the devising clause of which reads:

One equal undivided one-third of all my property, real, personal and mixed I leave to the city of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, in trust to be and constitute a fund to furnish relief to all poor emigrants and travelers coming to St. Louis, on their way, bona fide, to settle in the West.

Four witnesses present affixed their names and the Mullanphy Emigrant Fund thus established by these fifty-seven words—a needed charity then, but, through Federal and State laws since enacted, impracticable now, has been sustained in its technical operation, by the highest legal authority of the State, against every effort to modernize and extend its benefactions.

When Bryan Mullanphy died, a bachelor, on June 15, 1851, it was thought he was intestate, but the will of August, 1849, which he had deposited with the City Comptroller was produced and duly probated. His large estate, of which this will disposed of one-third, remained undivided for eight years. Then, as the Emigrant Fund lien began to make legal tangles, the heirs brought the will into court to have it formally construed and its validity tested. Some of the real estate was in New York city and one of his sisters entered suit for it in the Supreme Court there. Another sister began litigation in the Supreme Court of Missouri. In New York the court held that the city of St. Louis was not authorized, or in any

way empowered to hold a charitable trust. The New York property was therefore divided among Mullanphy's heirs. In Missouri, however, even after this New York verdict, the court decided that the city of St. Louis was so empowered. It was the first case of a charitable trust that had ever come before it for a ruling. Moreover, the State legislature, while the case was pending in the courts, passed an act, on March 12, 1859, declaring that the city of St. Louis was "capable of taking and holding property . . . given, or to be given, for charitable purposes and of executing all such charity trusts in like manner as natural persons are." The Missouri judge, while admitting that this law indicates a former lack of jurisdiction and that it could not be made retroactive, twisted it into an argument in favor of the city.

In 1860, after the decision of the Missouri Supreme Court, the city of St. Louis by ordinance arranged a scheme of administration for the Fund which was a failure. A Mullanphy Emigrant Home had a short and unsatisfactory existence, and then a sort of social settlement, model tenement experiment was tried. At the Union railroad depot a Mullanphy Travellers' Aid Bureau is open daily and provides relief and protection for those who need its help, especially for women and children. Up to December, 1916, or for forty-five years, the income of the fund Mullanphy willed to the needy traveller, amounted to \$1,961,541.00. The total given in relief was about a fifth; or, \$253,767.00. The salaries of the officials handling it called for \$10,440.00 a year. The city government and the Mullanphy family united in 1898 in an effort to have the courts permit the real property to be sold and the proceeds devoted to the building of a Bryan Mullanphy City Hospital, but the decision was adverse. In 1916, as the upkeep of the property had become heavy, another attempt was made to permit the real-estate to be sold and its value converted into bonds. Again the Missouri Supreme Court forbade (January 26, 1920), any change in the management of the trust.

The city of St. Louis therefore under these repeated decisions still holds for the benefit of this impracticable charity, ninety-three pieces of real estate valued at \$1,000,300.00 and does not know what to do with it.

Father Laurence Kenny, S. J., to whose painstaking zeal we are indebted for the collection of the historical data in connection with the incidents detailed in the foregoing, made this comment on the legal tangle:

Much of the decision of the American courts turned on the adoption, or the rejection, by the various States of this nation of the statute of the 43rd Elizabeth, Chapter 4, on charitable uses; and it is positively pitiable to note how the peers of the American Bar were at sea in attempting to elucidate what was the common law of Catholic England before the Tudors, robbing the Church and the poor, and the dead, made themselves parents of the fatherland (*parens patriae*) and blandly committed to themselves an autocratic disposal of all gifts to charity. It strikes the American Catholic with some dismay to see how far down into the centuries, and this side of the Atlantic, the long-fingered blackhand of Elizabeth is able to reach, and how its bejewelled wrist had won respect for its robberies, even from keen-minded and excellent men of the ermine.

The delegates therefore to the Charities and the Vincentian conventions, as they consider this impracticable

philanthropic curiosity, can hardly help wishing that Bryan Mullanphy had imitated his contemporary bachelor Catholic, Cornelius Heaney, of the Brooklyn Benevolent Society, and divided his charitable legacy to be administered according to the rules and customs of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It would surely now be administered as was his real intention and would reach all, irrespective of race or creed, in the fullest interpretation of its conditions.

In a Convent Parlor

JOHN K. SHARP

THERE is a villa where the ground slopes down ever so gently to meet the marsh land and the sea. As we approach it, startled water fowl rise in protest and there is a threat of rain in the strong, damp wind.

A rambling and once fashionable hostelry, it has experienced religious conversion in these its latter days. Its former patrons have forgotten its existence, but not so the teaching Sisters who come here now, twenty-five or thirty at a time, during the summer for a week's rest and a week's retreat. Once here, there is indeed little to do; the shifting beach is too treacherous for bathing; the few boats on the lagoon may be used only in turn; and, save the stubbled fields, there is only the long, undulating, oiled road back to the village for recreation. Yet the change from the monotonous regimen of the stuffy parochial cloister is itself most pleasing. And all too soon the Sisters will return to their missions in the malodorous city where countless little ones await their sanctifying presence and kind mothering and wise teaching.

We come, the chaplain and I, to pay our respects, and, as we mount the steps of the verandah, we see through the windows that the community are busy in sewing or knitting, intent upon a book, chatting, or just doing nothing for the nonce. A jazz record (!) has just run down on the scratchy phonograph and some one has struck the first chords of a hymn that seems to command more general attention. But our parley at the door has been overheard and the news of our visit has already circulated through this sheltered world of little duties and intimacies with God. The music stops, expectancy hushes the animated scene and all rise as we enter.

The Reverend Mother welcomes us with stately kindness and arranges our chairs in a corner. But we prefer a coign of vantage in the angle of the "L" shaped parlors where we may enjoy our visit to the full. Stiff formalities readily disappear in this convent parlor by the sea, with its nondescript furniture and faded wall paper hung with religious prints.

Little conversation need be recorded and what there is is characterized by the nuns' simplicity of speech and manner. There is unaffected delight at the prospect of an extra Mass on the morrow. Future building plans, talk of the retreat, of Father ———'s health or present location in the Lord's vineyard, the need of vocations . . . there can be little gossip in a Religious house where all are bent on serving God, little disputation where

certitude and peace jointly reign. Commonplaces, too, seem empty and vain, and we visitors at least, feel that we are at a spectacle to be enjoyed in grateful silence. Among the younger nuns, there is much happy excitement, which one is glad to see. A certain lightheartedness is the traditional mark of perseverance in the novice. And with those who wear the silver ring there is constant mirth occasioned by the passing dialogue and incident.

All religious types are here, as you may observe as we unfold our simple tale, but only the creators of a "Cradle Song," as the Sierras, can do them justice. Reverend Mother is interlocutor and chief spokesman and evidently proud of the children she mothers—some as venerable, nearly, as herself. Sweet authority and ancient wisdom sit upon her kindly face. Skilfully and without show of dominion she leads the conversation and directs the program.

Our entertainment goes back to the family parties of long ago when general singing was interspersed with individual song and recitation. A hymn starts as if spontaneously. It is grave and sweet and tells of unwavering faith and deep peace. And what are the thoughts, I wonder, of that nun who keeps time with her head but sings no word? Of that other who folds complacent hands and looks so far away? A family problem, some colloquy with God? There are two daughters of the same parents here. The fairer favors the mother, so they told us, and the darker, the father. Favored parents indeed! They have not met for three months and they have many confidences to exchange. Their cheeks are flushed with happiness and, as they sing, each gazes upon the other with clear-eyed innocence and delight. Beside them sits another whose pale profile is etched sharply against the black serge of her veil. She knits something in Our Lady's color as she sings.

The songs range from the sacred to the Swanee River of a forgotten day. One contains furtive references to some mild nautical escapade of a previous summer that is fast becoming tradition but even now provokes much laughter. The music ends, and all too soon, with a lilting parody that mimics the mosquito, warns of its wiles and recommends potent remedies against it.

We are a little surprised when Mother remarks with just a touch of pride, it seems, that the best singers are not present. Then to our horror she turns without warning and asks the reverend visitors to oblige. Both, however, maintain their inability and unworthiness so stoutly and confusedly (it would have been almost sacrilegious), that they are excused. But each of us vows that he will seek fervently the natural and supernatural graces requisite for such occasions.

The librarian, dignified and well poised, comes to the rescue. Requested for a recitation, she gives two or three from Father Feeney. There is a natural catch in her breathing that fits the phrasing and she interprets the thought very skilfully. Each poem descends from the sublime to the ridiculous and ends in a burst of laughter.

I had noticed one nun particularly, so reserved and almost severe did her demeanor seem. Is she the foil to

the others, some former superior who does not quite approve of such innocent abandon? I make a casual remark to her, and, to my surprise and the enjoyment of all, I learn that she is the "character" of the community, a veritable "clip." Her proved ability and worth permit her a latitude in speech and repartee, though I feel sure some remarks do not quite meet the entire approval of her Superior.

But, *beata pacis visio*, it is time for night prayers, so we leave blessings and ask for prayers and reluctantly crunch our way over the gravel path to the chaplain's dark house, struck with a vision of a new heaven and a new earth.

Mary Ryan

CATHAL O'BYRNE

MARY RYAN'S grocery store, with regard to its appearance, was like Mary Ryan's self—the pink of perfection.

It was comfortable, neat, clean, pleasant and well equipped to occupy its place in the world, and so was Mary Ryan.

In spite of the fact that in it were sold groceries and coal, hardware and butter, vegetables and wood, drapery goods and bacon, it was as neat as pins in paper, all in a row and shining.

Everything, and that of the best, "from a needle to an anchor" you could buy at Mary Ryan's, at least, so you would be told by every householder within a two-mile radius of the Church of the White Friars and Lower Dorset Street, Dublin. And clean! "My dears," as Mrs. Farrell, Mary Ryan's neighbor for twenty years—eight years in the very next door, and twelve in the house with the green door and the brass knocker across the street—as Mrs. Farrell said to the Little Sisters of the Poor, on their very last visit, when they commented on the goodness of Mary Ryan's heart and the cleanliness of her shop. "My dears," said Mrs. Farrell, "if an archangel were to come down out of the infirmities of heaven, I defy him to lay his finger on a speck of dust in Mary Ryan's shop from June till January, spic and span, that's Mary Ryan. She has everything in her place as bright as a kitten's eye in under a bed, and if cleanliness is next to godliness then Mary Ryan should be shining in heaven like a new tin before the breath is right out of her body, so she should."

Everything of the best! Had Mary Ryan great stacks of potatoes piled up just inside the half-door, then they were the top of the market, "Skerry-blues," "Cruffles," "Champions," the best wasn't too good and nothing else would do.

"Potatoes are dear the day," some finicky woman, who didn't understand the ethics of the Ryan establishment, would remark. "A good thing is never dear, ma'am, and a bad thing is dear at any price," she would be told, pleasantly but firmly, and, of course, if she didn't want to pay the price, well, thank God, the days of coercion were past and gone, and the world was wide.

Mary Ryan's vegetables were greener and crisper and fresher, there's not a doubt in the world about it, her

carrots, in color, were just what you would know, a shade more carrotty. Her radishes would have blushed even a deeper crimson if they had thought for an instant they weren't the reddest radishes that ever came out of Roundstone. Her pats of golden butter, folded in their cool, green cabbage leaves, seemed to be goldener, and even the very onions, that hung in such great heavy clusters from the rafters, glowed like shining bulbs, and lighted up the dim interior with their yellow gleam.

And such rows on rows of shining glass bottles, full of sweeties, and lemon-rock, and sugary-candy, and peppermint drops and puddeny-pie, and conversation lozenges, and bull's eyes, and, as for Mary Ryan's "treacle-billy"—but where's the use? Sure all talk is folly, anyway. How and ever, this we will say, if all the Vartery water that goes to make the porter for Guinness's Brewery were turned into ink, and using Nelson's Pillar for a pen, Finn MacCool, himself, if he took till Tibb's Eve to do it, couldn't write down in praise one half of what would be the due of that luscious and delectable commodity.

Of course, if you don't know what "treacle-billy" is, or if you have been so unfortunate as never to have had a taste of it, then there's nothing more to be said. All of us, high-up and low-down, come to the "No Thor-oughfare" sign on the road of life sometime or other, and when that means, as in this case it does, a non-acquaintance with the virtues that lie hidden under the humble exterior of Mary Ryan's "treacle-billy" then all we have to say is—more's the pity.

Mary Ryan's was the one and only depot in Dublin for the sale of the true and original "treacle billy"; all the others were but hucksters of an inferior grade of a very spurious article.

When Mary Ryan returned from seven o'clock Mass at the White Friars' Church she took down the shutters, opened her shop door and began the day. But if you thought for one moment that her duties began and ended with selling her merchandise and serving her customers, your thought would beguile you into erring sadly.

Mary Ryan mothered the neighborhood. Was there a child to be christened? She was godmother to half the Mary Brigids and Christina Josephines and Julia Annes from the Liffey River to Glasneven. Had a neighbor been called to his or her reward? She went about the business of laying out the remains quietly and capably, no fuss and very little talk, and with all due reverence and decency. Was Janey getting married? Mary Ryan could set a table for a wedding breakfast with the best in the land. Was Johnny unbiddable and inclined to play truant from school? Once let the weight of Mary Ryan's tongue fall on him and he would know what was what, but no matter how severe her tongue-thrashings, or how culpable the recipient of them, they were invariably mollified by the presentation to the young victim of a little twisted paper of bull's eyes or candy-rock.

She wore steel-rimmed glasses, and she needed them, for, as well as being "guide, philosopher and friend" to one and all, she was the "very eyes" of the community also. She read the newspapers and had all the news of

the big world—or as Mr. Finnegan, the tailor, said, "from Wallop-the-Razor to the Merry-Geranium Sea"—at the tip of her tongue. For those of her neighbors whose sight was not of the best, or who, God help them, hadn't the schooling, she wrote letters and read them, and 'tis many a poor, little, pathetic family secret was buried down deep in the brave, true heart of Mary Ryan.

And so, we find her on a fresh, bright morning, fresh and bright herself, standing fair and square, or, rather rosy and round and plump, behind the counter of her little store, and instead of asking you to please stand by for one minute or for ten, without more ado we will introduce the lady. Here she is. Ladies and gentlemen—Mary Ryan.

Her shutters are down for the day and her shop is open for business. A little woman in a "crush" bonnet and a short, black, plush mantle, sadly the worse for wear, enters. Mary Ryan greets her customer.

"Good morning, Mrs. Burke, and what's the best of your news today?"

"'Tis a little scrap of writing I had from my sister down at Kilbeggan, sending me a letter she has, from her daughter, that's my niece, out in America. My poor old eyes are not as good as they used to be, and I was thinking, maybe, if you had the time, ma'am, you would read it for me."

"Why, of course, with a thousand welcomes, Mrs. Burke, dear, and the greatest pleasure."

"'Tis good and very good you are, Mrs. Ryan, and that's no new story. Here's the letter, ma'am."

"And what a nice hand she writes, as plain as print it is, and all the way from Chicago, no less. She says:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"Here I am safe and sound in Chicago, at least as sound as any person could be in the sweltering hot weather we are having here at present. There were six people died of the heat in one day last week. At least, it wasn't the heat killed them, it was the humidity, the papers said.

"Of course, there's nothing like having things correct, and I suppose 'tis all right, so long as we know, but to me it seems like the question 'What's all this world to a man when his wife's a widow?' and I'm thinking, as we say at home, that it would be cold comfort for the poor people who died to know that it wasn't the heat that killed them, but the humidity. On the other hand, when you come to think of it, to know the true state of affairs must have been very grateful and comforting to their friends and relatives.

"I'm wondering could we have the heat without the humidity or vice versa. I'm not a bit greedy, and enough's as good as a feast. One of them at a time would be plenty, the dear knows.

"With regard to myself, I actually don't know whether I'm living or stuffed, that's the gospel truth. I'm like something between a jelly-fish and a wet rag, only a jelly-fish is cool, and at the present moment, as I'm sitting writing to you, the 'presbyterian,' as Aunt Rose used to call it, is dropping off my nose.

"If you happen to read in any of the papers of a large grease spot being found on one of the boulevards of Chicago, you'll know that it is all that is left of the mortal remains of your loving daughter, Mary Catherine Morrissey.

"Of course, the people in this country dress to suit their climate, and I'm sure there's not nicer or better dressed people within the walls of the whole wide world. The women and girls wear next to nothing, and even that is of the flimsiest and lightest kind. But, mother dear, the stuff they wear—what's of them—are beautiful, and the colors would take the light from your eyes. Organdie and gingham and crash, and a hundred others that I don't even know the names of, but they're all that lovely and light that they would make you feel cool even to look at them.

"To see a lot of women sitting around in the parks of an evening in their beautiful bright-colored dresses, would delight your eyes, and I only wish you could see a crowd of children playing about. They are, for all the world, like a bunch of lovely gay-colored flowers.

"Ah, the dear children, God love them, get the great chance for happiness in this great country. There's no denying that! 'Tis no wonder they grow up into such fine men and women in after life. Not one bit.

"Everybody here is that stylish that even the truck drivers go to work in evening dress. That is, they wear their trousers and the straps of their B.V.D.'s over their shoulders, and that's all. Now, I think I hear you asking 'And what on earth are their B.V.D.'s?' Well, I'm sorry I can't enlighten you. I once asked the same question myself, and was told that they were 'Man's closest friend,' and that's all I know about them. But I often envy the truck drivers these warm days, so I do.

"'Tis often in these sweltering days, I do be thinking of you, mother dear, and you sitting with your work-basket outside the door in the long, cool, grey evenings, sewing or mending or darning, and father on the other side of the door, beside the big scarlet fuchsia bush, reading the paper by daylight till almost bed-time, with the red of the sunset still lingering behind the mountain over beyond at Kilbeggan, and the blackbirds darting across the breen, screeching and chattering away in among the laurel bushes, and the big sulphur moths weaving endless chains above the gooseberry bushes in the orchard.

"Dear life! Isn't memory a wonderful thing? I have only to close my eyes, and here in Chicago, in the heart of America, I can see it all as clear as day.

"Then after a while, when the daylight fades, you'll gather up your sewing and go in and light the lamp, and call father in to his bed-time supper, and, do you know, mother, I can see the red geranium in the little spot on the deep window ledge, and the light shining out between the scarlet fuchsia bush and the big rose-briar that climbs to the roof.

"And, as I'm writing here tonight, it is that light, the light from the little window, set deep in the thick white wall, that is calling me home across half the weary world.

"I have heard some superior people say, since I came

to this country, when Ireland was mentioned, 'Oh, yes, but it rains so much in Ireland.' Well, if it does, thank goodness it rains rain and not ram-rods. Mother dear, you should see what is called an 'electric storm' here. It would put the heart across in you, and you would actually think it was the Day of Judgment, with the thunder and lightning, and every rain-drop a yard long.

"Yes, it rains in Ireland, to be sure, but, as Larry Rogan, that drove me on the long car over to Kilbeggan the day I was leaving, said—'Tis a soft day, thank God, but sure 'tis only a tayspoonful of mist.'

"And, sure, that's all a shower of Irish rain ever is, just 'a tayspoonful of mist.'

"And, as I sit here in Chicago, with the pitiless sun blazing down on the wide, white pavements, with the leaves on the trees outside hanging heavy and dead with not a breath of air—and the windows wide open—I would give, as I sit here, half of the world that lies between us to be drenched to the skin with a shower of the same soothing Irish rain at the present sweltering minute, so I would.

"With oceans of love, dear mother, to yourself, and father, Bridie and the boys, and all the dear neighbors in Kilbeggan, from

"Your loving daughter,

"Mary Kate."

"Well, now, that's a darlin' fine letter, Mrs. Burke, and your niece must be a smart, bright young girl."

"Indeed, she's all that, Mrs. Ryan, but kind father to her, she got her schooling with the Sisters, and she'll never bring disgrace on them, or on the father and mother that reared her. I'm obliged to you, ma'am. Good mornin' and God send you good luck."

"Thank you, Mrs. Burke, you're entirely welcome."

The little woman, with the precious letter tucked away carefully in a fold of her plush mantle, went away as quietly as she came. She had been the earliest of the little shop's customers—and Mary Ryan's day was just begun.

REMEMBRANCE

'Tis queer the way some things come back

Now I am blind and old . . .

Not the stern tragedies of life

My heart and memory hold

But fragile little foolish things

Like chaff I thought blown by:

The sudden flash of surf-white wings

Across a cobalt sky;

A cottage with a brown thatched roof,

Plowed fields just after rain,

The scent of apples ripe and red,

Or lilacs in some lane.

The rippling laughter of the wind,

Cool, tawny sands, salt spray

Whose tang still sharply stings my lips

Though I am far away . . .

'Tis queer the way some things come back.

Chaff that the wind should find

We garner, while the golden grain

We often leave behind.

NANCY BUCKLEY.

For Our Lady's Birthday

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

TODAY, September 8, Catholic Christendom commemorates the birthday of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The annual recurrence of the birthday of a Washington or a Lincoln stirs men's souls and affords them food for profitable reflection. One would imagine that the Nativity of the Mother of the God-Man would be equally suggestive. For the advent into this world of no warrior or ruler, or no statesman or political leader, of no man of letters, art or science, was as epoch-making as hers. Yet most of mankind, blind to its significance, ignores it. To a materialistic world the birth of Mary means no more than the birthday of any other Jewish infant, as irrelevant as is that of an Indian peasant child to a Wall-street banker.

Filial affection naturally prompts us to observe in some fitting away the birthday anniversaries of our mother. If she be dead, the day has its sadly pleasant memories and there is a prayer for her departed soul. If still living, unless distance keeps us apart in which event some little gift or word of greeting is sure to speed on its way motherward, we seek her company to felicitate or toast her, or perhaps, overwhelmed by the emotions that clutch the heart, merely to gaze in silence into her face and let the light in our eyes bespeak the devotion that our lips cannot articulate.

Today Christ's Church bids the Faithful gather about Mary's altar, or make a shrine for her in the secrecy of their hearts, and look love into her eyes, and tell her as they would their earthly mothers, that they rejoice in her joys and gifts, and are happy for her happiness and glory. Truly the feast of her Nativity is for every Catholic "Mother's Day" *par excellence*, the day when the dearest and fairest of mothers is honored.

The anniversary takes one back in spirit to a little scene enacted in the Judean hill country a few years before the Christian era begins. Judged by external appearances, the event was common enough. Doubtless the neighbors, who came to congratulate Anna and Joachim on the birth of a little daughter, thought as much. Yet it was a happening of the utmost importance in the world and of unparalleled joy in heaven,—the advent of one who was to be the Mother of God, Queen of angels and of men.

The parents of Our Blessed Lady are both of the illustrious line of David. Royal blood courses in their veins though their worldly estate has been greatly altered through the trials and persecutions to which their down-trodden race has been subjected by first one and then another of its conquerors. When Miriam their only child is born no trappings of royalty hover about her infant cradle. Still, for all the poverty of their cottage home,

Anna and Joachim are happy, and the peace of Yahweh broods over the little household.

Faithful to the Mosaic law and their ancestral traditions, their days are spent in the unostentatious service of God and the fulfilling of their domestic duties. Not unlikely it is this spirit of piety that merits for the devoted couple the honor of being the parents of the Mother of God. At all events the simplicity of their home life gives Anna just that preparation and equipment necessary for the delightfully blessed task that is hers of training at her knee the maiden who in turn will school in worldly ways the very Wisdom and Power of God. Hers is the privilege of teaching Mary step by step, prayer and the homely virtues and the Jewish law and the traditions of her fathers and the management of a little household, that in God's own time she may care for the Divine Child and His dear foster-father, St. Joseph.

As Anna tenderly lays her new-born infant in the arms of her venerable spouse, possibly there is a pang of sorrow in her heart for the realization that her babe is not a boy. It is every Jewish woman's ambition to be the mother of the Messiah, and each male child might prove to be He! Perhaps, however, a loving Providence even then gives them some premonition of their daughter's high destiny so that Anna's joy on the occasion is not merely the happiness that comes from motherhood when the pangs of childbirth are passed and her babe's sweet cry falls upon her ears, but a something greater and grander.

As the kinsfolk of the happy couple gaze curiously at the tiny visitor, and some of them remark how she looks like the father and others like the mother, or maybe shrug their shoulders that the child is a girl, little do they suspect the untold mysteries that hover about her cradle, how all Heaven looks on in wondrous love and admiration, how the Blessed Trinity is in ecstatic contemplation of the babe and the angels make jubilee over the birth of their Queen.

From the dawn of time never has the Eternal Father looked with such delight upon His universe. When centuries before He called the world out of chaos, and the light was separated from darkness and the stars started in their orbits and the earth was peopled with living things and Adam and Eve formed to His own image in the Garden of Eden, God saw that His work was good and rested after it. But here, save only for the Christ that is to come, is the masterpiece of His creation, the holiest, purest being that should witness to His Divine handiwork, the creature that by her perfections and her life would give Him all-but-infinite glory, the daughter that was in His thoughts and affections from all eternity.

With what raptures of love He contemplates the babe!

Who will measure the joy of the Eternal Word that gladsome hour of Mary's birth? Here was she who would become His own mother! It is hard for us to realize the mystery whereby He should be present at this wondrous event, yet who among men, could he have stood by the cradle of his own devoted mother and gazed at her baby form, would not have experienced a heart-thrill? What joy for the Word of God to know that the day would come when that little bundle of humanity that lay so beautifully still in its swaddling clothes, would grow into the fair maiden from whom He would borrow the sacred flesh which, animated by His human soul and hypostatically united to His Divinity, would be the Body of the God-Man! What happiness in the foreknowledge that, a virgin-mother, she is to bring Him forth in the starlit stable of Bethlehem, and nourish Him in Egypt, and mother Him in Joseph's little workshop at Nazareth, until in the strength and vigor of manhood, He should go forth to do the work of His Father!

Here is He looking down upon His co-redemptrix. How He even now admires her for the latent possibilities of which He is aware, which will enable her to mature into the valiant woman who will encourage Him in adversity and trial, and braving ignominy and disgrace, and the taunts of His enemies, will stand, though her maternal heart is breaking, at the foot of His cross! Here He beholds the mother of those who are to be His brethren, whom she will adopt amid the throes and tears and sorrows of Calvary! Here He sees her who is to be the support of the early Church, the refuge of men in their hours of darkness, their life, their sweetness, their hope! All this and immensely more the Word of God sees in Anna's new-born babe, and His joy is full.

The Holy Spirit too has His own peculiar share in the gladness of Mary's nativity. She is to be His spouse, and at once He begins to lavish upon her His choicest gifts. How fair her body! The sparkling eye and the rosy cheek and the delicate flesh give promise of the beauty that is to be. *Tota pulchra es!* Thou art all fair! But, oh the soul! Already for nine months has the Holy Spirit been operating there. Who can fathom the significance of her immaculate conception? Alone of God's creatures since the awful curse had rested on fallen man, she is preserved from the stain of original sin. Even then she is full of grace. With her He shares the plenitude of His seven-fold gifts: wisdom, to give her a relish for the things of God; understanding, to make her apt to penetrate the Divine secrets; counsel, to guide others in the path of perfection; knowledge, to teach others God's truths; holy fear, to serve Him as she should; fortitude, that she may not fail in her vocation to be the Mother of Sorrows; piety, that will inspire her, even on the threshold of life, to vow virginity and consecrate herself to the ministry of God's temple. As He contemplates her cradle, the Holy Spirit knows that these virtues will blossom and each grace bear fruit.

To Mary's nativity the Church's Easter canticle may well be adapted. *Haec dies quam fecit dominus!* This

is the day which the Lord hath made! *Exultemus et laetemur in ea!* Let us rejoice and be glad for it! Joy is the keynote of Our Lady's birthday. There is high joy in heaven: joy for the Blessed Trinity, joy for Anna and Joachim, joy for the angels. There is joy for Mary herself at the recollection of God's love and goodness, and in an ecstasy of gratitude the gladsome hymn of the Visitation is re-echoed, *Magnificat anima mea dominum!* My soul doth magnify the Lord! On earth too there should be an universal, holy joy. Mary is our Mother, our Queen, our Advocate. She is also our inspiration. She reminds us that her graces and talents had been of no avail had she not fully cooperated with the Divine plan, and that we too have a place to fill in God's scheme which can only be achieved if, like her, we sense our dignity and our obligations, and confidently put forth our best efforts to uphold the one and to fulfil the other.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE

Who art thou, O Silver-Snooded,
Leaning o'er me lilywise?
"Didst thou hear the wailing keeners?"
Nay, nor yet the Banshee cries.

Am I not abroad in slumber?
Art thou not but dream of mine?
"Nay, beyond quick slumber's mearing;
Yea, thy dream and ever thine."

Phantom, wreathed o' bridal whiteness,
Who art thou to haunt me here?
"Even she who scorned thee living;
Dead, like thee, O Dear, my Dear!"

Wraith, begone! "Thou knowest me, surely,
Even as she!" Not I, nor would.
Come she will, yet in a maiden's
Weed of ghostly widowhood.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

VILLANELLE

Black lizards bask upon the sun-warmed wall,
Red lilies show gold stamens to the sun.
The hours here like languid blossoms fall.

From palm to palm the bright-winged flickers call;
The rose unfurls her petals one by one.
Black lizards bask upon the sun-warmed wall.

Peace like a waiting spider over all
This drowsy paradise her web has spun.
The hours here like languid blossoms fall.

Day after day the flame tree grows more tall;
Soft scarlet fires across the green boughs run.
Black lizards bask upon the sun-warmed wall.

Honey and light and murmur of music pall.
Sate with beauty, her luring paths we shun.
The hours here like languid blossoms fall.

In this tranced world nor good nor ill befall—
Torment and joy falter ere half-begun.
Black lizards bask upon the sun-warmed wall;
The hours here like languid blossoms fall.

MUNA LEE.

Education

Adhesive Stamp Education

W. ESDAILE BYLES

HAPPY were it if, as AMERICA recently asserted, the avowed foe of Catholic education were rarely a member of the Catholic Church. But is not the worst enemy the Catholic, good but misguided, who looks on Catholic education, as something like a stamped envelope on which you fix another stamp to pay the extra postage?

I have lived for nearly a quarter of a century in this, the not mean metropolis of my State. But it is only within the last five years that I have heard from pulpit or press any argument for Catholic education except that it is the duty of parents to provide for the religious instruction of their children, that the Catholic school gives just as good a "secular education" as the secular school, and that it gives in addition—the extra postage supplied by adhesive stamps—a religious education.

For myself I will say that I do not like the adhesive-stamp method. Such stamps are unsightly. They may come off. Only a mathematical genius can say how many are required.

I will not consent to have my children taught that they must learn the dogma of the three angles of a triangle on the west side of the street, and then, if their parents wish it, learn the dogma of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity on the east side of the street—but that under no circumstances whatever may the dogma of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity be as much as mentioned on the west side.

But might I not sometime find myself compelled to live in a community where there is no Catholic school? And do I then have to be so very much concerned if my children are taught about the three angles by the learned Dr. Doe and about the Three Persons by Father Francis? As to Dr. Doe's neglect of religious doctrine, can I not myself teach my children to excuse it on account of his invincible ignorance—to excuse the unsightliness of the adhesive stamps? Maybe, but not where we have Catholic schools. Yet that is the attitude of hundreds of parents, and it is the natural corollary of the common pulpit doctrine of Catholic education.

The press, and AMERICA particularly, have at last realized that Catholic parents should be warned that extra postage is not enough, unless the original stamped envelope is genuine. If Dr. Doe sells them a forged stamped envelope, their letter will not reach its destination gratis. When the pulpit follows suit the parents will realize the risk.

Under the title of "Secularizing the High School Boy" AMERICA warns us parents to examine the stamped envelope for the more obvious signs of forgery. But how about the "whispering campaigns?" What heresy is more common today than that whose evils the Puritans came to America to avoid, but whose infection they carried with them—the heresy of the Divine Right of Kings, or, as it is more commonly called in these days of

corporate sovereignty, State Absolutism? There is no attempt in the secular schools to hand this false dogma to the children with a label on it, which they can show to their parents or their confessors. If it were labelled, it would not be dangerous. But insidiously this heresy has been planted in the minds of our people by invincibly ignorant teachers, and so penetrating is its stench that even our own Catholic schools are not quite free from it. It is this heresy which makes it difficult for non-Catholics to approve, and for most Catholics to explain, the attitude of the Church in Mexico today.

It is right that schools, secular and Catholic alike, should teach our children not to despise their neighbor of a different religion. But we do not want the child's mind poisoned with the heresy that one religion is as good as another, or that the Church is merely one of the sects, or that that is true which a man thinks (or wishes, because he does not think) to be true, or right what he thinks (or wishes) to be right, or that any religion is as good as none, or none as good as any, or, the corollary of all these heresies, that there is no sin?

Up to the present the devil has been so successful in deceiving the good, but misguided, Catholic parent into looking on adhesive-stamp education as adequate, that victory seemed as certain as it did for the Germans at the first battle of the Marne. But now that AMERICA and its contemporaries are rushing up a fresh army—as it were, in the taxicabs of Paris—he must needs look for fresh allies. And whom should so clever a general select rather than the potential and should-be allies of his enemy?

We are told now that Catholics should go to secular schools not because education there is better, but because it is worse.

How are those in our great sectarian universities, they argue, to know the truth, if Catholics stay away from them? But how can those who have not yet had the better, give it to those who have the worse? St. Paul could teach the Corinthians about the Unknown God, but he did not send his neophytes to do so. Of course these new allies do not call secular universities by that name. They refer to the Church as a "sect" and to the latitudinarians as non-sectarian. And their leaders, though Catholics and often priests, in good standing, what mischief they do. I heard one of the most prominent, a priest, tell poorly-instructed Catholics that they might, if it did them good, go to Protestant services to hear sermons by prominent Protestant preachers. I hope his connection with secular schools has been good for the latter. But a little of the one-religion-is-as-good-as-another heresy methinks I smell on his breath—*Salva Reverentia*.

It may be that not many Catholics are attracted to secular schools as Apostles, but the Apostle argument may provide the excuse for such as are tempted to do so in the hope of getting a "better job" when they graduate. And for them, if the Apostle argument does not prevail, there are two arguments ready to serve.

The first is based on a fact which is the weakest link in our chain. There is not room in our schools for every

Catholic student. This is, alas, only too true. A year ago I did my best to find a place in a Catholic high school for a Catholic boy, the son of a Protestant widow. The boy is clever and above other boys of his age in scholarship. There was no room for him in the inn. But of the thousands of Catholics who enroll next month in secular institutions, I should like to know how many have tried and failed to get into Catholic colleges.

The other argument is that secular colleges are better equipped. They have better hammers and saws to teach carpentry or better dynamos to demonstrate electricity, and as for danger to faith there is a Newman Club. If Thomas of Canterbury is a martyr, Newman must be a prince of martyrs. Thomas was persecuted during life, but canonized when he died. Newman is persecuted still. To say that the good Cardinal of Edgebaston would rather have had boys go to Harvard or to Princeton than to Fordham or the Catholic University is as foul a calumny as ever was uttered. Many of the best years of Newman's life were spent, in the face of tremendous opposition, in an endeavor to found a Catholic university. The calumny is founded on advice he gave to the sons of English Catholic squires, much more than half a century ago, about going to Oxford. His advice was that, it not being feasible to establish a Catholic university in England at the time, it was better for them to go to Oxford, read a little and live under discipline, than to loaf around all day with a dog and a gun.

Where is the analogy? *We* have Catholic colleges. If a boy tries to get into a Catholic college and finds it is full, and if he is one who requires a college education, then we may be assured, and our own Bishops have encouraged us in this assurance, that the grace of God working through the spiritual guides provided, will supply the deficiency which is caused by the mere natural weakness in our educational chain. But our boys do not have to go to college to avoid the temptation of the dog and the gun.

If they do not go to college, they are not obliged to loaf. They will be educated in the shop, in the office, on the farm, or on the road. But if theirs is a scholarship that it is profitable to ripen, and if they cannot find a vacancy in a suitable Catholic college, by all means let them go to the secular school, with, of course, competent ecclesiastical permission. When this is done they may have some assurance that out of the Sacraments God will forge for them an armor proof against every dart.

I almost forgot another argument these inside enemies use.

How nice these sectarian teachers are with the students! What good language they use! What an air of refinement they have! They *teach* them, they do not just give them lessons to learn. True, Van Loon's book is better adapted to the teaching of false history to little children than our text books are to the teaching of true history. But I do not go to a restaurant where I know the food is poisoned, even if the tableware is better. The better they teach their heresies, the worse it is for their pupils. Let us learn from the sons of unrighteousness.

Sociology

Lawless Government

JOHN WILTBYE

SOMEWHERE in the back of my Latin Grammar there was a sentence which used to intrigue my schoolboy curiosity. I have always regretted that this curiosity never drove me to the point of trying to translate it. Which is a pity, for the old Latin Grammar disappeared long before my meager Latin left me, and now I cannot consult the original. But as I peer across the years, it seems to me that the meaning of the line that caught my fancy was something to this effect: that when kings run riot, the people must pay the price.

Looking over some Supreme Court proceedings recently, the old line came back to me. Kings are running riot in this country, kings in the form of prohibition enforcement officials, and we the people shall one day pay a price—if they be not speedily checked—the magnitude of which we do not yet comprehend.

Let us look back to the alleged source of their authority, the famous Eighteenth Amendment.

An examination of the preceding Amendments is highly instructive.

The origin of the first ten Amendments is well known. Although Hamilton thought the Constitution explicit enough in its restrictions upon the Federal Government, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, and other States, agreed with Jefferson that a Bill of Rights should be added. It is indeed practically certain that unless the Amendments had been promised, the Constitution would not have been adopted. Hence on September 25, 1789, in pursuance of a tacit pledge, the First Congress proposed twelve Amendments. One referring to membership in the Lower House, and another to the compensation of senators and representatives, failed to win popular favor. The other ten, Articles I to X, as we now have them, were adopted on June 15, 1790.

All these Amendments, without exception, guarantee some right of the people or of the respective States, against encroachment by Congress. Congress submitted them, as "declaratory and restrictive clauses," embodying, as the Supreme Court declared in 1897, "guaranties and immunities which are inherited from our English ancestors." Their value is beyond all question. Without them, this Government would long ago have been wrecked on the shoals of a centralized bureaucracy.

The Eleventh Amendment, restricting the Federal judicial power in certain cases, was proposed on September 5, 1794, and adopted on January 8, 1798. The Twelfth Amendment, making changes in the electoral machinery for the offices of President and Vice-President, was proposed on December 12, 1803, and adopted on September 25, 1804.

Thereafter no Amendment was adopted for more than sixty years.

But on December 18, 1865, the Thirteenth Amendment, proposed on February 1, of the same year, was adopted.

it was followed by the Fourteenth (June 16, 1866—July 21, 1868) and the Fifteenth (February 27, 1869—March 30, 1870). These three Amendments, sometimes known as the Civil War Amendments, "laid upon the States," as Norton observes, "restrictions which a few years before would have been impossible." Whether for good or evil, they mark a distinct departure from the earlier philosophy of government. Pushed to an extreme under the heat and resentment of post-war feelings, they established precedents both judicial and legislative, which have enormously widened the field of Federal influence and control.

That influence is felt in the Sixteenth Amendment, "the income tax Amendment," (July 31, 1909—February 25, 1913) although the Supreme Court declared that the purpose of the Amendment was not to extend the taxing power of the Federal Government. By the Seventeenth Amendment (May 15, 1912—May 31, 1913) the election of Senators was transferred from the respective State legislatures to the people. The Nineteenth Amendment (June 5, 1919—August 26, 1920) destroyed certain rights pertaining to the States with respect to the restriction of suffrage.

Thus, speaking generally, while the first Twelve Amendments restrict the sphere of the Federal Government, all that follow (with the exception of the Seventeenth) enlarge it.

This is particularly true of the Eighteenth Amendment, which goes farther than any of the other changes. For the first time in American history the Federal Government assumes, by constitutional decree, the control of an innocuous personal habit, and of a practice which in itself is as innocent as breadmaking.

The implications of this Amendment are sweeping. It is an invasion upon the police powers of the several States which, if it shall be sustained, justifies any and all invasions, such as encroachment upon the right now reserved to the States, of controlling education, or upon the reserved right of providing for contingencies strictly local in nature. When the Federal Government can go so far, it is indeed difficult to conceive an extent of local and personal control beyond which it may not go.

I agree with Dr. Butler, of Columbia, that the Eighteenth Amendment is wholly out of harmony with the spirit of the Constitution. It is in sober truth, as AMERICA has so often observed, not an Amendment in keeping with the Constitution, but an addition at variance with the general tenor of that instrument. It does not enunciate a general principle, but is, substantially, sumptuary legislation.

Hence we need not affect surprise when we learn that department clerks at Washington are arrogating powers granted no one by the Constitution, or that enforcement officials, after indulging in practices banned by the natural and the Divine laws, are being zealously defended by the Federal Department of Justice.

Some of these instances have been noted by me in AMERICA. Hanson, brutally shot down near Buffalo, died a few days ago, and was given the honors of a

public funeral. But the day preceding his funeral brought out a story of Federal enforcement that is sickening.

Two Federal agents invaded a Chicago office building to arrest, as they said, a seller of alcohol. Entering the man's office, one of them drew a gun, and yelled "hands up!" The alleged bootlegger, Merle Adams, (the Chicago chief of police says he is not a bootlegger) saw no reason to comply, but tried to escape, probably thinking them hold-up men. The enforcement officials chased him into the corridor, and as Adams tripped and fell down a flight of stairs, shot him with a dum dum bullet. Another official then beat the prostrate man about the head with a blackjack, and his fellow-thug refused to allow a physician to be sent for. Workers in other offices who ran out in alarm were ordered back at the point of a gun.

Possibly apologies for these men will come from Prohibition headquarters at Washington, but at present the Federal Government is actively defending them. If this case were an isolated instance, one might overlook it. But it is not isolated. It is one of hundreds.

The Prohibitionists have had much to say about lawlessness. I direct their attention to the following statement from the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Justice Holmes is speaking.

"Decency, security and liberty, alike demand that Government officials shall be subjected to the same rules of conduct that are commands to the citizen. In a government of laws, existence of the government will be imperiled if it fails to observe the law scrupulously. . . . Crime is contagious. If the Government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy."

And particularly do I ask them to weigh the following phrases against the doctrine that any and all means are justifiable when used against the hellish traffic in rum:

"To declare that in the administration of the criminal law, the end justifies the means—to declare that the Government may commit crimes in order to secure the conviction of a private criminal—would bring terrible retribution. Against that pernicious doctrine this Court should resolutely set its face."

CHANGES IN LOVE

I still could praise you as I used to do
With proud, fantastic words; I still could say:
"The hour the envious shadows gather you
This solid world will melt like smoke away."
I have not yet forgotten—as if I could!—
The night our hearts were washed with flame and tears,
And we saw love to be our only good:
That memory would endure a thousand years.

If now love seems less vivid, most it thrives,
Having become the pulse-beat and the breath,
The very stuff and staple of our lives
Which shall go on and triumph over death.
Love changes, so they say. It does. We know
Something of that, for we have seen it grow.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

With Scrip and Staff

THERE is nothing more touching than the perfect confidence which we place in the taximeter. You entrust to it the tenderest and most vulnerable part of your being, namely, your pocketbook, over which it holds the power of life and death. What actually goes on inside of it nobody seems to know, and one feels that too close a knowledge of its inner workings would be a sort of black magic that would expose you to suspicion and perhaps lead you astray.

Somehow our childlike confidence in the taximeter is something like our trust in the machine of Government expenditures and taxation. As long as we keep going most of us are not worried about how the wheels and levers of the Government machinery are geared. As long as the Government turns out schools we will pay the bill when it comes around. Quite different is our disposition when it comes to paying for our own schools. There, the machinery is too painfully open to view, and we question every step of the journey before we embark upon it.

AT any rate, the man who is said to have invented the taximeter has just died, and whatever qualms the individual meter may cause us, we must concede it was a great invention. His name was Lazare Weiller. He died at the age of seventy and was a remarkable man. Besides inventing the first taximeter he was a great promoter of aviation in France. In 1902 M. Weiller induced the Wright brothers to come to France and experiment with their first apparatus. M. Weiller was a visitor to this country and active in promoting friendly relations between France and the United States.

Lazare Weiller was a Jew. At the same time there were few men in France who had a better appreciation of certain phases of the Catholic position. As a Deputy in the French Parliament he greatly deplored the misunderstandings that have existed ever since the World War between France and her newly returned Province of Alsace. In every way possible he tried to reconcile both parties to the disputes, and came out frankly and fearlessly in favor of the Catholic stand on matters of education and self-government. As a result, the Alsatians showed him their gratitude by reelecting him to the Senate in 1927 by a majority of 770 votes out of 1,219.

When will the French Government cease to thwart its own good purposes in dealing with Alsace? The news that Premier Poincaré favors maintaining the parochial schools is encouraging, in view of the Ministerial declaration which at last guarantees to the Alsatians that their religious statute shall remain inviolate. Realizing how distinctly cold, to say the least, has been the attitude of the Premier up to the present time, it is encouraging to read the words quoted by the N. C. W. C. News Service: "Your customs and traditions will not be touched. I have promised this on many occasions. I am happy to be able to reaffirm here to the teachers of Alsace and to the Sisters of Ribeauville that France

recognizes the magnificent role they have played, before, during and since the War."

But there is a long road to be traveled before the Alsatian school situation is cleared up.

MOREOVER, the mind of Lazare Weiller went further than taximeters and aeroplanes, and even the interests of his native Alsace. With a clearness of vision that marked the practical man of affairs he saw the need of re-establishing diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See. In season and out of season in the public press, and later in Parliament, this Israelite urged that those normal relations be established between France and the Papacy which have always resulted in increasing the prestige of France and the correctness and safety of her relations with other countries. In view of all the apprehensions that exist in this country about the Holy See, we can be sure of one thing, that if M. Weiller had seen any danger of political encroachment of the Holy See upon France and her politics he never would have advocated such a course. It was because he saw that the Papacy is outside of and above all purely political entanglements, precisely because it is a spiritual force and not a temporal organization, that as a true patriot, totally independent of any affiliations to Catholicism, he struck his long and repeated blows for the recognition of the Holy See.

THERE is a striking contrast between the clear head of this Jew and the very unclear head of the individual who reviews, for the *Forum*, Mr. Garrison's book on "Catholicism and the American Mind." The *Forum* prides itself on being precisely what its name would indicate, namely, an open platform on which the most pronouncedly contrasting opinions may be displayed. It is, therefore, all the more curious that for its reviews in the September issue it chooses such violent partisans as John J. Chapman and James H. Leuba.

One wonders just what kind of a mentality can produce the following:

There is one outcome of the Roman Church in America which is becoming obvious to everyone: namely, the segregation of our Roman Catholic population into a conscious, moral unity—a unity which throws upon each individual the duty to become a propagandist of his faith. Every Roman Catholic in America must help to forward his co-religionists in every way, both spiritually and practically. The Roman Church acts as a secret society of self-help. The obligation of every good Catholic among us is not only to help the faithful but to punish the outsider and the backslider. This explains much that has long been familiar to us in our political life. Let any man—whether Protestant or Catholic—be known as hostile to Rome, and his income is threatened. If such a man keeps a newspaper stand or is a fireman in a town where Catholics are in control, he is moved off his corner or discharged from his job without mercy. This system we are familiar with in politics; but it is an unwelcome discovery to find that the system has been expanded from politics into every form of business. The propaganda has tended to weld the Catholics into an underground business association.

If there is any one thing which practical experience of Catholic life in this country showed to be untrue, it is that Catholics are bent upon the task of assisting one

another politically. In fact if you wish to get a thoroughly divided community, in a political sense, you need only look for one where the greatest proportion of the voters and politicians are Catholics.

HOW completely false such a statement is may be seen from the record of the Knights of Columbus. If there were any unity among the Knights on political questions it would long since have been not only ascertained but would be spread abroad and heralded to the four winds by just such persons as the aforesaid Heflinesque reviewer. How positive is the stand of the Knights on this point is shown by the declaration made at the opening of the recent annual convention of the Knights of Columbus in Cleveland when Supreme Knight Carmody let it be known to all that political discussions of every character would be barred from the deliberations. The Supreme Knight pointed out that the Constitution of the Order prohibits it taking part in political campaigns, and added that the membership embraces adherents of both major political parties. "Should the name of Governor Alfred E. Smith or Herbert Hoover or any other candidate be mentioned on the floor of the Convention," Mr. Carmody said, "I will immediately rule the speaker out of order."

We cannot emphasize too much the standing demonstration given by the Knights that Catholics can and will take a stand on moral, educational, and social questions, and yet remain independent in the purely political affairs of the nation.

THE National Council of Catholic Men which will hold its annual convention in Cincinnati, November 18 to 21 of this year, has before it the especially difficult task of working out the principles of Catholic Action in the United States. More and more the Holy See is emphasizing the necessity of making Catholic Action a distinct feature of Catholic life.

In a recent number of the *Stimmen der Zeit*, Father Noppel writes these interesting words:

It is evident and yet strange, that the more the life of Catholic organizations is developed in a country or in a diocese, the greater difficulty is found in carrying out the idea of Catholic Action. We say it is strange, because one would suppose that these existing organizations would all be inspired by the same aim, an aim which is essentially the same as that of Catholic Action. It is evident, because the multitude of organizations makes unity more difficult. That which is an ancient growth is stronger in old traditions and established forms so that everything new, even if it merely appears to be new, meets with a certain suspicion.

Since in the United States Catholic organizations on any large scale are of such recent growth we do not have to face the difficulties felt in countries like Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland, where they are rooted in old traditions and local rivalries that, as Father Noppel says, are difficult to reconcile. We have a free field: and the N. C. C. M. can freely develop the three great characteristics of Catholic Action according to Pope Pius XI: apostolic purpose, apostolic commission, and apostolic breadth.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Bozzy: The Man Who Made Johnson

JOSEPH J. REILLY

NOT many months ago an English bibliophile brought to America a collection of manuscripts which, gossip reported, had cost him a fortune. They were in the nature of a "find," had, in fact, been discovered up under the eaves of an old mansion, and were duly accounted "first page stuff" by the leading American dailies. The *New York Times* was moved to devote an editorial to the matter in the course of which it declared that the most important part of the manuscripts was from the hand of a man to whom the Great Cham of later eighteenth century literature "owes his present-day celebrity." I am sure that Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the fields of asphodel, shook his leonine head in dissent when he discovered that his fame in this year of grace did not depend on the Dictionary, the "Lives of the Poets," "Rasselas," or "The Vanity of Human Wishes," but on that irrepressible, sophomoric, irritating sprig of North British lairdliness, James Boswell.

Macaulay, master of dashing paradox, tried to crush Boswell under an avalanche of heavy ridicule. Like Homer, he avers, among heroic poets, Shakespeare among dramatists, and Demosthenes among orators, so stands Boswell among biographers. And yet he was "puerile and impertinent," "shallow and pedantic," "bloated with family pride," "a bigot and a sot," "a tablebearer, an eavesdropper, and a common butt in the taverns of London." As if this were not enough Macaulay drives his paradox home like a knife to poor Boswell's heart: "These qualities, because Boswell was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, have made him immortal."

Of course Macaulay proved too much; it did not need a Carlyle to show that follies and asinities, however multitudinous, do not make a man great. Carlyle indeed was so much more eager to prove Macaulay wrong and his theory of hero-worship right than he was to picture Bozzy accurately, that between these two big guns of Victorian prose the authentic Bozzy was quite demolished. But his "remains," after diligent search, have been discovered and "restored" by an American scholar, Professor Tinker of Yale, whose delightful "Young Boswell" depicts "Bozzy" as a man of plentiful faults but of high genius.

Boswell's father was a lawyer and a laird, and painfully proud of both distinctions. Most of his mental tribulations arose from his failure to make James a steady-going lawyer (as a laird's son should be) and to win him away from the society of the lumbering ex-schoolmaster, Johnson. James, born at Edinburgh in 1740, was twenty-three when he first met the Doctor, thirty-one years his elder. If Johnson was peculiar, Bozzy by the same token was peculiar in his own right: he detested Edinburgh as "provincial," longed for London, and, worst of all in his father's eyes, hungered and thirsted (not for righteousness; he never did that except

as a gesture in rare and repentant moments) but for the society of famous literary men—a gratification he accounted superior to the privilege of meeting and conversing with the King. No wonder he proved first an enigma and then an eyesore to his sire!

Bozzy, to do him justice, was not wholly recalcitrant. He did follow the law even to the famous Dutch University of Utrecht, and though we have his word for it that "too much study was bad for him," he eventually made his way to the bar and into legal practice.

But Bozzy was never meant for the drybones of law; solitary thought and diligence weighed darkly upon his spirit. He admired them in others, as he did the numerous other virtues he found elusive. Alone he was "melancholy" (so he assures us), self-pitying, and restive. In company he revived like a drooping blossom in a shower, was frolicsome, ebullient, and, now and again, be it whispered, over-convivial. Bozzy was, for better or worse, an inveterately social being.

On the continent he was impervious equally to the canals of Holland, the Alps of Switzerland, and the most celebrated examples of art and architecture. What intrigued him there was what intrigued him all his life: men and women, human faces and memories, *bon mots*, striking incidents, romantic sidelights, and chiefly conversation, whether on the tops of stage-coaches, at inns, or in the lounging-rooms of clubs. He loved life, he delighted to mingle in it, to feel himself a part of it; and most of all he had a passion for drawing out other men, particularly men famous for thought or action in diverse fields who had learned much in the grapple with circumstance.

Whether in Scotland, London or, as now, on the continent, Bozzy was ever on the wing. No sooner did the first day of vacation dawn than he had flown, traveling about with the elderly George Keith, friend of Frederick the Great, meeting German princelings (and getting worn out with the fuss and ceremony of their courts), and jotting everything down in journal or letters with a diligence which "would have been bad" for him if applied to his studies. The possibility of meeting Rousseau and Voltaire was to his imagination like a pink string to a kitten. Of course he managed both, for already he was master of a kind of naive boldness which he was later to use so effectively with Johnson, and no sooner was the adoring young tuft hunter out of "the presence" than he committed to his corpulent notebooks every word that had been spoken.

The following spring he journeyed to Italy and struck up an acquaintance with the witty and dangerous English demagogue Wilkes, whom he found all the more fascinating on account of his dubious reputation. His next move was a bold one. He invaded Corsica and succeeded in meeting the patriot, General Paoli. Perched on a chair he whipped out his notebook and set to work to record his host's words without even a "by your leave." At first Paoli took offence but Bozzy "had a way with him" and the Corsican afterwards confessed that his visitor proved "so cheerful, so gay, so pleasant," that he could

not help loving him. So well he might; for Bozzy proved a real friend, writing "An Account of Corsica" which opened English eyes to actual conditions on the island and so spreading propaganda in Paoli's interest that the British exchequer eventually granted the General a pension of £1,000 a year.

If law were dull in Utrecht love was not, and our lag-gard school-boy was nothing if not susceptible. The charmer was Isabella de Zuylen, wealthy, pretty, and (Bozzy came later to fear) too vivacious, whom he nicknamed "Zelide." She was not precisely averse but complications set in: they could not make up their minds whether their marriage would prove a success. Bozzy writes her that he loves her and would contribute to her happiness but (with astounding frankness) "would not be married to her to be a king." Why not? Because "it would not be long before we should both be very miserable." Apparently he has thought it all out for he announces gravely: "My wife must be a character exactly opposite to my dear Zelide, except in affection, in honesty, and in good humor." This declaration seems brief and bitter enough to end matters but the business of disengaging hearts is not so easy.

We find him in a later missive delivering this plaintive admonition: "I charge you once for all, be strictly honest with me. If you love me, own it." What will the canny young Scot do in that event? Avow his passion and marry? Not at all. He will "give her advice!" After this only one thing is left: the curtain must be rung down. "Farewell, my dear Zelide. Heaven bless you and make you rationally happy. Farewell." That "rationally" (from Bozzy) is a master-stroke!

Bozzy's heart was frequently fluttered thereafter by other bright eyes and led more than one dizzy dance until at last the inevitable befell. He was married off in a safe and sane fashion to his cousin, Margaret Montgomery, dull and amiable, and left to what his highly relieved relatives doubtless hoped would prove a "rationally happy" fate. Mrs. Boswell made the best of things—indeed she had need to—though she must often have wondered what that old creature, her husband, was about.

Beyond question she did not understand him. But neither did his father nor the omniscient Englishman Macaulay nor, for that matter, the equally omniscient Scotchman, Carlyle. The fact is, Boswell was beset by an insatiable curiosity not of the vulgar sort but of that loftier type which is everlastingly trying to peer into other men's minds, to find out their inner thoughts, their mental processes, their judgments on right conduct, their hopes, fears, and ambitions, their reactions to elemental impulses, such as love and self-interest.

He will go to lengths to secure what he wants. When he writes Rousseau, he confesses that he had once avoided a duel by an apology and wonders if he were justified; again, he sends the sentimental philosopher some letters of Zelide and asks if he should marry her. He plans to sit John Wilkes at table with Johnson who hates him, as a social experiment explosive enough to open up both strong minds to his inquisitive eye. He tries to have the

sardonic Voltaire express an opinion on Rousseau, whom he detested. He courts the acquaintance of a lady who has barely escaped hanging, and he hobnobs with actors because society frowns on them. When he meets Paoli he reports: "I ventured to reason like a libertine, that I might be confirmed in virtuous principles by so illustrious a preceptour." Verily, he was nothing if not original!

Truth to tell, Bozzy developed his method skilfully. The mind is revealed through conversation and he started it flowing, or directed it, or diverted it, to suit his purposes. He listened eagerly, as an eavesdropper might, and forgot nothing. One wonders if the brilliant group with whom he foregathered, Burke, Reynolds, Gibbon, Johnson, and the rest, realized what an adroit manipulator this big-boyish, irrepressible, seemingly naive North Briton was!

He is eternally and infernally asking questions—and such questions! Is marriage natural to man? Is it wrong to affect singularity in order to make people stare? (Bozzy had himself in mind here!) What would Johnson do if shut up in a tower with a newborn baby? (What a poser even for the redoubtable Doctor!) And so on, endlessly.

To consider Bozzy a mere Paul Pry is to misconceive him utterly. True, he craved his share of the lime-light, just as he did a place in the Johnsonian sun, and he secured it because he indulged his amazing and untiring curiosity to penetrate other men's minds and then "reported" what he found in so authentic and living a fashion that he achieved, by universal suffrage, the greatest biography ever written. Reynolds has given us Johnson's face, puffy and seamed, with peering eyes and heavy jowl; but Bozzy opens for us the stores of Johnson's thought, their prejudices, their hidden weaknesses, their abundant riches; and all men have since beheld there, to the measure of their insight, what is fine and what is petty, not in him alone, but in all humanity. They honor Johnson for the much that is noble; they condone the little that is dross; they rejoice in the man that lives and breathes and has his full-blooded dominant being in these pages that smile at time.

Bozzy was "smart," incurably sophomoric, something of a nuisance and often silly, bibulous, and boresome. But despite his weaknesses he was a highly intelligent man. He knew precisely what he wanted; he had the skill and patience to get it, and after that the genius to use it to make a great name into a great man who still, in Carlylean phrase, defies the eternal silence.

DISCONTENT

When I am led beside still waters
Why should my stormy spirit feel denied?
When I may wander in green pastures
Why is my restless heart unsatisfied?

Why do I strive to breast a sea
Whose waters will not part for me,
To cross a desert without Aaron's rod,
To scale a mountain—and lose the path to God?

AILEEN TEMPLETON.

REVIEWS

The Spell of Ireland. By ARCHIE BELL. Boston: L. C. Page Company. \$3.75. **Ireland.** Its Places of Beauty, Entertainment Sport, and Historic Association. By STEPHEN GWYNN. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.00.

Conscious efforts are being made to draw tourists to Ireland. Those of Irish extraction need no extrinsic urging, for blood calls unto blood and the land is a magnet that pulls at Irish hearts. Others, however, who plan a European trip need to have the superior attractions of Ireland over other countries proved to them before they will include it in their itinerary. These two volumes are fine documents advertising the vacation advantages of an Irish tour. Mr. Bell's volume is one of "The Spell Series." The author went to Ireland to enjoy himself and he writes for those who wish to have a pleasant visit without too much mental effort in cramming all of Ireland's history, legends, and geography into their heads within a few days of sightseeing. He entered Ireland at Cobh, proceeded up through Killarney, Limerick and Galway, cut across to Dublin, went north to Belfast and ended his expedition in the Donegal Highlands. He tells his story in the approved form of travelogue, with humorous anecdotes, scraps of conversation with "characters," brief descriptions of the points of interest, observations on the scenery in town and country, bits of legends and so on. It is a most readable story, kindly, enthusiastic, appreciative, sincere. Mr. Bell weaves a beautiful spell over the emeraldine island. All the components of the spell were there, but he had the fairy eyes to see them. A more business-like aim and method was that of Mr. Gwynn. His volume partakes more of the nature of a guidebook, for he takes his tour seriously. His itinerary begins with Dublin, since he visions his tourists arriving from England and the Continent. He makes his first excursion down to Wexford, goes up and over to the west coast above and below the Shannon, drops into Cork and Kerry, leaps to the far corner of Northeast Ireland, and ends, as the other book, with far Donegal. Mr. Gwynn, being an historian of Ireland, naturally finds many opportunities for attaching his learning to places. Appealing to vacationists rather than tourists he stresses the aspects of the "sportsman paradise." His is an efficient rather than a leisurely book. But both volumes, as all volumes on Ireland, insist on that greatest glory of Ireland which Mr. Gwynn notes in his last sentence: "I never knew anyone yet who enjoyed being in Ireland that did not owe the best part of that enjoyment to the Irish people."

F. X. T.

Greek Rhetoric and Literary Criticism. By W. RHYS ROBERTS. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.75.

Sophocles' King Oedipus. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

If one may judge from what one hears and reads, there are many who think, or seem to think, that sound rhetoric and literary criticism are modern arts. To say that Aristotle wrote the soundest treatise extant on rhetoric would not only astound many, but might also elicit a scornful contempt. "Rhetoric" has become an elastic term in recent years. It is applied to texts on elementary composition as well as to handbooks for high school and college students. But with Aristotle, Plato and the ancients, the word was restricted to oratorical composition. It is clear that with the easy multiplication of books, pamphlets and newspapers the spoken word has lost the place and importance it held in earlier times. Anyone who wishes to know how the ancients thought about rhetoric and literature, how deeply they wrote on these topics and how wisely, should carefully peruse this work of Professor Roberts. Only a thorough scholar could have produced such a careful and comprehensive study of the subject. The analysis of Aristotle's work is wonderfully precise and unusually clear. Similar treatment is given to Dionysius Halicarnassus, "Longinus on the Sublime," and others. This is a notable addition to the series of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." The version of Sophocles which Mr. Yeats has arranged for the modern stage

was produced at the Abbey Theater and enthusiastically received by a large audience. It is safe to say that few people could have written successfully such an excellent version of this ancient tragedy. The work demanded not only a thorough knowledge of modern drama, but an intimate appreciation of ancient drama as well. Mr. Yeats possessing both, has given a splendid rendition which preserves the spirit of the original Greek drama, yet so adapts it by abbreviation and artful joining of part to part, that a modern audience can easily catch the meaning of the tragedy and deeply respond to the lament of the chorus.

F. McN.

Herbert Hoover. By WILL IRWIN. New York: The Century Company. \$3.00.

This is a friendly narrative by one who has been a close friend and admirer of Herbert Hoover ever since they were classmates at Stanford University. Apart from its significance as campaign material for the Republican nominee it has real value as a contribution to the history of the outstanding characters of the Twentieth Century. The achievements that have marked each progressive step in Mr. Hoover's amazing career have been closely followed and sometimes intimately shared by his present biographer. The modern iconoclastic method has been avoided with care, not merely to safeguard the ballot box but to give true perspective to a life of integrity, ability and high ideals. As a result one who reads this story without using the strong glass of political partisanship, can see the swift chariot in which Mr. Hoover has been riding to fame and not merely the inevitable clouds of dust. As Mr. Irwin presents his subject, one discovers an orphan boy at the age of 9 engaged in a struggle for education, finds the young Hoover working his way through college and after graduation, laboring in Colorado mines and finally appointed under the Chinese Department of Mines. His engineering exploits in Australia, China, Japan, Burma and Russia; his gigantic achievements in the work of Belgian relief; his dealings with foreign powers and his later career in the Department of Commerce might never have been known by the general public had not the possibilities of the present campaign broken down the natural reticence of Mr. Hoover and started his admirer on the work of presenting a distinguished record colored and enlivened with many significant episodes and interesting anecdotes. This sudden necessity has left unmistakable marks of haste on the work of Mr. Irwin. It has not, however, blurred the picture nor distorted the record of Mr. Hoover's remarkable achievements. The book is on the same level as the biography of the Democratic aspirant edited recently by Messrs. Moscowitz and Hapgood. Both stories give grounds for hope and confirmation of faith in America's man-producing power.

J. G.

Condemned to Devil's Island. By BLAIR NILES. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

"It will perhaps interest the reader," writes Mrs. Niles in a foreword, "to know that the material for this book was secured at first hand; that the created characters are based on existing types, and that in certain cases actual prisoners have been brought into the narrative; that life aboard the convict ship and the breathless dangers of convict escapes have been related as told by the actors in this amazing drama; that the prisons have been described from my own observation." This is the "Devil's Island" colony made famous, or at least notorious, by the Dreyfus case, and the story as given here would seem to bear out the author's assurance that the material was gathered at first hand. One must, at times, make allowances for exaggerations on the part of convicts when they tell of their sufferings and adventures; yet their story cannot be entirely rejected. For anyone who has had even slight acquaintance with criminals, can readily recognize in this gruesome picture many details that are true to life. While Mrs. Niles is realistic in her narrative, she has shown a true artistic instinct. She is vivid, but never vulgar; she can suggest rather than exhaustively detail. She portrays the mind and heart of the

convict, his sorrows, his struggles, his despair, his pitiful striving to deceive himself, to imagine that he will succeed where others have failed, and yet the author has courageously refrained from giving a psychoanalysis of her subjects. For this one feels duly grateful. The remarks on fate and the lack of free will are perhaps, not the author's personal views. As a study in penology the book offers many cases to show that sympathy with the criminal does not mean sympathy with crime and that a maudlin sentimentality is the worst form of cruelty towards the poor unfortunate criminals. Those who are interested in criminology may gather much profit from the narrative and observations of Mrs. Niles, making of course due allowances for what are, fortunately, exceptional circumstances.

J. F. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Catholic Mind.—Three striking and timely articles make up the issue of the *Catholic Mind* for September 8. "Islam and the Oregon Public School Law" is a comparative study of the difficulties encountered by Catholic educators in Egypt as well as in Oregon. The Hon. Pierre Crabitès gives an interesting and instructive account of his discussion with Sheik Mahmoud Ibrahim. The second article is a letter from the Rev. Father Baeteman, Lazarist missionary to Abyssinia, giving some startling figures on the expenditures in energy and money by Protestant societies and other features which constitute the "Danger of Protestantism." A good humored discussion of "Bigotry as a Virtue" by the Rev. H. C. Hengell, Ph. D., shows the fallacy in some of the shallow thinking and the disregard of fundamental distinctions in the accusation of the so-called intolerance and dogmatism of the Catholic Church.

Men of Letters.—Some fifty years ago, Anthony Trollope contributed a life of Thackeray to the "English Men of Letters Series." The book was a failure, says Hugh Walpole in his biography of "Anthony Trollope" (Macmillan. \$1.50), one of the most recent additions to the revived "English Men of Letters Series" that J. C. Squire is editing. While not wholly satisfying, Mr. Walpole's book cannot be classified in the way he rated Trollope's. Since Trollope's autobiography is most complete and since Sadlier has finished objectively the life-story, Mr. Walpole had no need to enlarge on the biographical data. His little volume, then, is an appraisal of Trollope as a literary man. Trollope wrote fifty-one volumes of fiction, much travel, some biography, and an additional large library of political, social, sporting, and more diverse articles. He wrote more than any man of his time from 1859 to 1871, and more, probably, than any other writer during an equal period. He wrote for money and for popular fame, and never suspected that art had much to do with his writings. Nevertheless, he has left an imperishable series of books and many unforgettable characters. He was a second-class novelist, but he has influenced later craftsmen considerably, notable among whom is John Ayscough. Trollope's Irish novels are given particular mention by Mr. Walpole. They failed at the time of publication, but now that Irish literature in English has ceased to be of the stage-Irishman variety, they might profitably be revived.

Most intimate and for that reason most revealing are the Conradiana collected in "Letters from Joseph Conrad, 1895-1924" (Bobbs-Merrill) edited with an introduction and notes by Edward Garnett. All of the letters in the portfolio were addressed to the editor. They deal almost entirely with Conrad's literary activity, especially in those early years of experimenting before 1898. Mr. Garnett might justly be termed the discoverer of Conrad. He was the reader for T. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, and recommended the acceptance of Conrad's first offering. Thereafter, he was the stern critic and the most encouraging friend, the trusted adviser and the sane judge of all of Conrad's efforts in writing and publishing. The material here collected is of high value in that it reveals Conrad the man with a friend, and Conrad the writer in his own estimation.

History in the Grade Schools.—An excellent series of historical text books for the Catholic Grade school has been issued by the Rev. Philip J. Furlong, Ph.D. The three volumes are arranged to cover a complete course: "Pioneers and Patriots of America, I"; "The Old World and American History, II"; "America, III." (Sadlier). In the foreword which he writes for this series, Msgr. Smith says: "He who prepares a text-book for children embarks on a holy mission." Certainly there is no place where this is more apparent than in the intention to give the children the correct Catholic viewpoint in history. Dr. Furlong has succeeded in this respect by making these three most attractive volumes not only comprehensive in material but up-to-date in form. The wealth of illustrations drawn from sources as far apart as Raphael and Titian and the latest cinema pageant will surely captivate the attention and pleasantly fix the historical facts they depict in the minds of the young students. New York has led from the start in the cause of Catholic education in the United States, and text-books had to be found from the very outset. It is pertinent therefore, to recall that there was a Sadlier imprint on the old "Metropolitan" series that, while not monopolizing the field, was largely the main reliance of the pioneer Catholic schools. A comparison of the useful, though homely, books of that era with these splendid specimens of the modern publisher's craftsmanship gives also, in a measure, a sign of the equally notable progress of all the other details of our Catholic educational system.

Science and Letters.—The new scholastic year brings the customary announcement of new texts. Catholic science teachers in secondary schools will welcome "The Laws of Living Things" (Milwaukee: Bruce), by Edward J. Menge, for their biology courses.—Bertha M. Clark offers in "New Introduction to Science," a volume for general science courses that unfolds those processes in nature with which pupils should be familiar.—Sister M. Dafrose, O. S. D., has added to her "Laboratory Notebook in Biology," which appeared last year, "A Laboratory Notebook in Physics" (Benziger. \$1.50), for secondary school use.

Lads who develop priestly vocations with little acquaintance with Latin, will find an easy introduction to its intricacies in a volume prepared by Lloyd R. Manning, "Church Latin" (New York: L. R. Manning, 2467 Valentine Ave.). With the words and constructions of the "Little Office of Our Lady" as its foundation, it affords a familiarity with ecclesiastical words and idioms that Cicero, Caesar and Virgil do not give. However, its prime purpose is to assist Brothers and Sisters whose rule obliges them to the "Little Office," so that they may be familiar at least with the essentials of Latin, for its translation and proper understanding. Unfortunately the book suffers seriously from careless proof-reading.—A new "Second Latin Lessons" (Heath), by Charles E. Little and Carrie A. Parsons continues their "First Latin Lessons." The reading selections are from Ovid, Pliny, Plautus, Terence, and Caesar.—"Narrationes Biblicae" (Silver, Burdett), by Abram Lipsky and Harry Wedeck ought to be welcomed for sight-reading by Catholic teachers training Latin beginners. The Bible stories are taken from the Vulgate.

For English classes, Edwin F. Shewmake and Carl M. Carmer have prepared "College English Composition" (Richmond, Va.: Johnson Publishing Company), a handbook of writing and speech; Edwin C. Wooley and Franklin W. Scott, "College Handbook of Composition" (Heath); Ettie Lee, "Living English Studies" (Macmillan), for seventh and eighth grade pupils.—"Fundamentals in Spanish" (Silver, Burdett), by Louis Imbert and Francisco Pifol is an excellent book for beginners.—For New York regent schools, Webster Wells and Walter W. Hart have collaborated on "New Elementary Algebra" (Heath).—"Trigonometry" (Heath), by David R. Curtis and E. J. Moulton is a bit more pretentious than the usual high-school trigonometry, but teachers can easily adapt it to their time schedule and course assignments.

The Age of Reason. Better Country. The Six Proud Walkers. Drums of the North. Thunderbolt.

A very timely thesis is closely interwoven with the story of "The Age of Reason" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50) in which Philip Gibbs traces the loss of Faith in a simple-hearted, trusting young girl who found not only her school companions but also her professors rejecting and ridiculing what they regarded as her early Victorian ideas and ideals. Flattered by the admiration of an eminent biologist whose lectures she attended but did not understand, she agreed to marry him and care for his two children. The clash of ideals and beliefs was not long delayed. The outcome of the conflict clearly demonstrates that mere faith in "the Great Design behind evolutionary progress" can never take the place of belief in a personal God and in a future life of rewards and punishments. The story is told with forceful conviction.

At the age of fifty the Professor and his wife make the pleasant discovery that life need not be a renunciation of all search for adventure. The story of their search for a "Better Country" (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00) is told by Dallas Lore Sharp. It is a tale of a transcontinental journey by motor car with many delightful descriptions of various parts of states between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Occasionally there is the note of rhapsody which is neither false nor prolonged. Mr. Sharp with unfailing good humor makes many a telling thrust at some American provincialisms. The alert wit of the professor and his wife and their keen observations impart a lingering charm to the narrative. The search brings the formerly discontented pair back to the hills of Hingham where they rediscover the better country.

Geoffrey Carrol, the attractive young hero of "The Six Proud Walkers" (Little, Brown. \$2.00) by Francis Beeding, is a man of means and leisure who is spending both in a visit to Rome. One meets him on his return from a day of adventure in the hills above Albano. Of course Geoffrey is engrossed with the thought of his forced surrender to a hated rival. He is planning a rather mild sort of revenge when suddenly he hears the beat of hoofs upon the road. It is a mad rider whom he encounters and strange things begin to happen. Murder, imprisonment, kidnapping and all sorts of gruesome events follow in rapid succession so that one is loath to put down the book. Like Mr. Beeding's other novels this one gives no surcease of movement and tenseness.

Neither the setting nor the plot of "Drums of the North" (Macaulay. \$2.00), by A. DeHerries Smith, carries any special distinction. A brave and handsome hero, an evil-eyed villain, two girls, one from the great city and one from the Far North, and lots of Indians, benign or malevolent to order. Yet the book is noteworthy in the fact that, except for one brief passage, the Northwest Mounted Police play no part in the tale.

A wild young stallion that chewed tobacco is the protagonist of Glenn A. Connor's "Thunderbolt" (Watt. \$2.00), a story of horses and men from the country where the rodeos are made. The horses occupy the forefront of the stage throughout the narrative, while their masters, or those who aspire to the mastery, furnish the motives and help to the interpretation of the action. Yet men and beasts alike are depicted with a sureness of touch that reveals first-hand knowledge of life on the ranges. The author is happiest in scenes of vivid action, but falters sometimes in situations where his saddle schooling cannot serve.

Most people are trying to forget the horrors of the late War. There are those, however, for whom it has not lost its interest. If it was gruesomely tragic, it was also gloomily heroic; if its record of defeat and disaster was bitter for the vanquished, the story of its successes and triumphs has inspiration for the victor. L. V. Jacks, who as an artilleryman saw service in the Aisne-Marne, Oise-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne battles, chronicles the adventures of himself and his comrades in "Service Record" (Scribner's. \$2.00). For one who savors the blood, the suffering, the hardship, and the painful recollections of those trying campaigns, the story will be found as thrilling as any which have been written to preserve their memory. Mr. Jacks writes with a deft and skilful pen, with passion, vitality and color.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

A Sunday on Buzzard's Bay

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is early and all is quiet on the shores of Buzzard's Bay: such stillness as accompanies a July morning when the soft veil of fog "folds its tent, like the Arabs, and silently steals away," leaving sparkling fields and lazy song birds to usher in another Sunday. How quickly nature's tryst with solitude is broken by the din and hum of speeding motors, filled with holiday makers, going hither and yon. No delay this morning over breakfast and an early start, for remember the rendezvous at K..... for a day of golf, swimming and picnic, etc., etc. Just another Sunday—ah yes—but in passing through the village, by the bay, did they notice the chapel with open door and inside a monk, in modest habit, walking to and fro, reading his breviary? Villagers coming from all directions and soon the little chapel is filled and Mass begins and proceeds with its accustomed beauty and dignity, in spite of this simple setting. Poverty is here undisguised—outward signs provide evidence enough—but piety, too, has come in full regalia, in these hearts. At the *Domine non sum dignus*, heads are bowed and hearts raised in silence to glorify the Lord, as of old, when Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. In due time many leave their places and go humbly to the Communion rail while others press close around, and even kneel in the aisle, awaiting the *Ecce Agnus Dei*.

With what profound inspiration one witnesses such reverence—devotion—sincerity—peace; while just a few paces away the "come day, go day" world rushes to its engagements of several weeks standing. Is one not disarmed by this scene, so palpably in harmony with the crystal loveliness of the early morning? Can the blatant cry for materialistic values stand against this challenge of faith?—for though modern life pursues the ever crestless phantoms of change, there will always remain these century-old oasis of sanctity. Why will not the hurrying passers-by tarry along the throbbing highways and see—perhaps participate in—that which moves the hearts of your fellowmen? The vivid contrast might lead to a new rendezvous—another Sunday.

Milton, Mass.

A. E. B.

Does Advertising Pay?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Kenedy's authoritative article, "Does Advertising Pay?" in the issue of AMERICA for August 25, should calm the disposition to blame the publisher for the defective circulation of clergy and Religious and the Catholic bookshops as the main arteries of distribution of Catholic literature; they are the best sales people for Catholic books.

Now it seems pertinent to ask whether they are always and effectively reached. All priests and Religious enjoy a busy existence, and often complain that they cannot possibly maintain even a hurried acquaintance with Catholic literature, at least of the non-theological type. But they are all interested in the matter, and anxious to be kept informed fully. Advertisements are sometimes vague. Your Catholic book buyer ordinarily has too little money to take a chance; or again, too much may be lost by recommending the wrong book; or, finally, the buyer disappointed in the blurb written for a book does not trust other blurbs for better books. The remedy must come from the publisher who chooses not only to sell but to sell by serving. He will see to it that his blurbs really represent the books, he will authoritatively state for just what person or class a book is suited, he may even have the courage, with the assistance of judicious Catholic scholars, to rate his books on any subject in the order of their merit, scholarliness, and popular appeal.

It is further doubtful whether even well-built ads always hit home by reaching the ultimate interested party. Surely, the advertiser is interested in this problem. The difficulties are numerous. Some libraries, for example, have a purchasing agent distinct from the librarian; which of these gets the ads? Book notices may fall into the hands of a librarian who is poorly informed of the interests of the teaching staff or of his or her Religious community. The advertiser has to solve this problem in such a way as to induce the librarian to post the notices for the benefit and information of all his patrons. In fact, from several experiences, the writer is inclined to wonder whether even the librarian is kept posted when wise and pointed advertising would induce him to buy. The large dealers in Catholic books,—I do not mean the middleman of the church-goods store—have few agents. Heaven prevent a plague of book agents with a scant commission to eke out and with some favorite volume, good or bad, to foist on any one either merciful or gullible enough to buy. But an alert agent with the interest of Catholic literature at heart, who works by salary, not by commission, who knows the inside story of book making, sales, and readers, who makes proposals but does not press, who informs rather than coaxes, who gives a librarian the tribute of wanting sound information and of retaining a mind of his own and a judgment of his library's needs, such a man is fit to do a world of good for the schools, the publishers, and the general cause of Catholic literature.

The publishers might even find it profitable to employ lecturers to stimulate and inform Catholic audiences. There is a bewildering ignorance of Catholic literature even in the high places. Publishers might supply our magazines with lists of Catholic best sellers; for many a book of a different dye is sold simply because it is placed on the best sellers' list of the *Bookman*.

Any effort in this cause is very much worth while even as a business investment. Catholicism is certainly on the increase in this country and in England. The supply of Catholic writers will not slacken; and the demands of Catholic readers should by all signs multiply more and more both to the advantage of book sellers and to the cultural and spiritual ennoblement of Catholic America.

St. Louis.

BERNARD J. WUELLNER, S.J.

Writing to the Papers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Kansas City *Star* has a portion of their paper that is known as "Speaking of the Public Mind," in which space any man or woman can express his or her opinions about any subject they desire to discuss providing they express themselves in such manner as not to violate the moral law of common decency and not make the paper liable for slander. There appear several articles each evening in the space. In some instances answers to various articles are published. Every article sent to the paper must be signed and in some instances the paper does not use the name, depending, of course, upon the circumstances. Investigation is made of all articles written. On Tuesday evening of this week there appeared an article, "No Religious Issue in the Campaign," written by Prof. Frederic A. Culmer of Central College (Presbyterian), Fayette, Missouri. In last evening's edition there appeared two excellent replies to Professor Culmer. I don't very often pay much attention to these articles, but when a professor in a college sees fit to write such an article, I think that the matter should be called to the attention of our Catholic press, and especially the answers to such an article; thus this letter.

Kansas City.

J. J. G.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The readers of AMERICA are asked not to send to the Editorial Offices communications relating to subscriptions, changes of address, and the like. All such communications to receive prompt attention should be sent to the Business Office, Room 1404, Printing Crafts Building, Eighth Avenue and 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.]